THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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WE APPEAL TO OUR READERS

IN COMMON with all other periodical publications —daily newspapers, weekly reviews, monthly and quarterly magazines—THE COMMONWEAL has devoted a large part of its space to discussions of the economic crisis which now prevails throughout the world. And in common with a large number of these organs of public opinion, while we were doing our best according to our lights to help our readers to deal with the complex set of problems which make up the general crisis, we also were struggling with our personal problem. That problem reached an acute point within the last two weeks—so acute, indeed, that a special meeting of the Board of Directors of The Calvert Associates was held on Thursday evening, April 21, to decide whether it was possible to continue the publication of this journal.

A decision to continue was happily reached. It was taken because of the splendidly generous, self-sacrificing and prompt action of a number of our readers to whom the news of the crisis was communicated in a letter sent to them only a few days before the meeting of the directors. These readers were those whose special interest in our work had become known to us through their letters, or by their personal visits to this office. They comprised a group of about six hundred men and women: bishops and priests, heads of religious orders, both men and women, and the laity. That they are not the only ones among our readers who take more than a perfunctory interest in our work, we may take for granted, for the subscribers to THE COMMONWEAL, and the members of The Calvert Associates are obviously men and women to whom the serious purposes of a serious journalism, dedicated to the exposition of the principles of the Catholic Church, appeal more strongly than a journalism of entertainment can do, no matter how much more popular the latter may be. It is because we believe this to be true that we are publishing the letter in this place, slightly adapted to its present purpose, in the hope—nay, rather, in the faith—that those of our readers who did not receive the first letter will respond to it as promptly and as effectively as did the first group. If you do—THE COMMONWEAL may continue its work, and may reasonably hope to establish itself permanently, in time, upon a self-supporting basis:

To Our Readers: On Thursday evening, April 21, the Board of Directors of The Calvert Associates met in order to decide the question as to whether THE

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COMMONWEAL could continue its work, or would be obliged to go out of existence.

The problem confronted by the Board of Directors was briefly as follows: Although our circulation increased considerably during the last two years, so far as new readers were concerned, and in our sales on newsstands and in church vestibules, so many of our older subscribers felt obliged to discontinue their subscriptions that the new readers just about balanced the old. Advertising, however, seriously declined. Also, many donations usually received from our patrons were withdrawn or heavily reduced. Because of these conditions, we accumulated a debt of $17,000. Unless we can clear off this debt, and secure at least $10,000 additional capital, we shall be obliged to face the disaster of ceasing publication.

On the other hand, the influence and prestige of THE COMMONWEAL have increased remarkably during the last two years. So also has the work of coöperating with various associations and societies desiring Catholic coöperation in such fields as the doing away of religious prejudice, the promotion of peace and disarmament, and the study of economic problems. Our pages have been quoted from extensively in the secular press, and many voluntary letters of approval of our work have been received from important and influential people, many of them not of the Catholic Church.

Under these circumstances, we felt justified in appealing to a certain number of ladies and gentlemen, including members of the hierarchy, and the general body of the clergy, together with heads of religious orders—whose interest in our work was known to us—to help us so far as they could, personally if possible, but at any rate by speaking to others who might assist in raising the fund necessary to pay off our debt, and to give us at least $10,000 additional capital to carry us through the year. The response to this appeal was so prompt, and so effective, that although the full amount necessary was not raised in this manner, our Directors felt so encouraged that a decision was made to appeal to all the subscribers to THE COMMONWEAL to make up the balance of the deficit, and, anticipating a favorable response, the decision was made to continue with our work.

The small group of editors and other workers connected with THE COMMONWEAL have put their best efforts in it for almost ten years—first to prepare for the publication of the journal, and then to conduct it successfully for eight years. The literary success has been unquestionable. The business success is encouraging, inasmuch as each year has brought us nearer to a self-supporting position. We have, therefore, good reasons to believe that THE COMMONWEAL has established itself as a genuine constructive force in the United States, and if kept going will finally pay its own way. For these reasons, we feel sure you will agree with us that even at a time when so many worthy causes are appealing for help, THE COMMONWEAL has a just claim for a portion of that help.

We are therefore appealing to you to send to us as soon as possible a contribution toward the liquidation fund to pay off our debt and to continue our work during the coming year. If you cannot afford more than a dollar, that amount, of course, will be gratefully received.

We of THE COMMONWEAL are doing all we personally can to solve the crisis. We have cut our salaries substantially, our staff is at the barest minimum, we have reduced all expenses in every possible way, and intend to maintain a program of strict economy, without, however, we trust, seriously lowering the literary quality or typographical excellence which have distinguished our publication from its beginning.

This is the letter. One reply of the many which give us faith to appeal to all our readers is so characteristic of the spirit expressed in all, that we reproduce it, withholding only the name of the devoted priest who wrote it: "I cannot afford it and I know where it could secure necessities of life that are lacking, but if THE COMMONWEAL needs it for its continued existence, please accept the enclosed. My conscience assures me that by this contribution I am not depriving the needy, but helping them in the best way. Not even the hungriest could begrudge this crumb offered through you to the Spouse of Christ whose hunger for souls you are helping to satisfy. I hate to vision the Church without THE COMMONWEAL."

Therefore, instead of an abstract editorial, we publish this business report, addressed without exception to all readers of THE COMMONWEAL for whom its work seems good.

WEEK BY WEEK

DISCUSSION of tax schedules continues. The central point is that the government, having committed itself to budget balancing with a vigor that left virtually no medium of propaganda unused, must now actually proceed to do the thing. Why, then, hasn't it been done? As a matter of fact the successively proposed bills have created a steadily intensified feeling that the taxes will ultimately be exacted of those only who cannot resist taking them. Virtually every industry or interest has been meditating during the past three weeks on the old maxim that a stitch in time saves nine. The multitude of lobbies now assembled is comparable only to the display of blooming crocuses in the suburbs of Chicago. So far wellnigh everybody has triumphantly fought against the insinuation that his particular business could help pay the nation's bills. Republican and Democratic Solons have meanwhile done their best. It is not an easy matter to be a genuinely patriotic congressman when the manufacturers of your district appear in person, and when the President of your country might just as well be vacationing in Bermuda. Mr. Walter Lippmann blames the Democrats for not having been

Balancing the Budget

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"shrewd enough to let Mr. Hoover take the responsibility of digging himself out of this hole." He is right. Headed by Mr. Garner, the sons of Thomas Jefferson looked like a Boy Scouts' fire company. Yet it might be urged in their favor that the hole looked deep and that sheer humane feelings may have made them fear lest Mr. Hoover, at his given rate of progress, would be immersed for a century.

Mr. Roosevelt's Candidacy

NEITHER now nor during the approaching campaign will THE COMMONWEAL pledge itself to support either party or any candidate. As a journal of opinion, it will seek to evaluate what is offered the public as leadership or policy; and as the organ of a society founded to defend and promote religious liberty, it will make an especial point of commenting upon whatever futile prejudices may be aroused during the struggle. If then we proceed to discuss Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt as a candidate, it is simply because he has mustered so much support among Democrats that beyond any question he is one of the most important contenders for the presidential office. His strength may be said to lie in a happy blend of skill and knowledge. The governor is a very astute politician who realized long ago that a truly effective leader must always remember that the United States is a big country, and that the people of the Dakotas will swear by a New York man only if they possess more intimate knowledge of him than can be gleaned from the press. Mr. Roosevelt's success in these Dakotas proved the value of the time he had expended upon Western leaders of the party. His knowledge happens to lie in domains which are of importance to the average citizen. Few men in American public life know farming so well or can talk so intelligently about it. No other has the advantage of being able to appeal to the solid background of rural achievement credited to New York. He likewise knows the ins and outs of the present taxation muddle. Having realized that the small property owner cannot be saved from financial ruin unless a reform of local government is undertaken, he has spoken very well indeed about the problem on several occasions. His stand on utilities too, though bound to create some hostility, in the final analysis is not unsoundly "radical" but constructive.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S first campaign address was a relatively vague and emotional summary of the ideas which are uppermost in his mind. We do not think that his "fogotten man" oratory was good, but we are of the opinion that it does represent the trend of thought to which he has long since devoted his time. Of course there are subjects on which he is exceedingly unimpressive. His statement on the prohibition question is hardly satisfactory, being dictated by political expediency rather than conviction outrightly expressed. Nevertheless everybody knows pretty well where he stands on this matter, and realizes too that in the final analysis prohibition will be settled by Congress and the people. His pronouncements on national fiscal questions and on war debts, for example, are no better than what one would get from almost any second-rate thinker. He lacks the ability to take up such an issue, as Mr. Smith did, and inject it into discussion. Nor is one particularly impressed by his views on the tariff, despite the accuracy of his criticism of Hoover. In short, Mr. Roosevelt is a candidate who will probably appeal less to the urban citizenry than to the small town and the farm. That is a great advantage to him. It enables him to deal with problems which really can be solved through presidential initiative, and to avoid those fluctuating necessities of industry regarding which no man really knows much at the moment. All in all, there could be a vastly less impressive candidate for the Presidency than Franklin D. Roosevelt.

May-day and the Child

AGAIN May-day—children's day—reminds us of our most important common charge. The American Child Health Association voices fittingly the need of universal community child health programs, and its manifesto is addressed, in a particular sense, to those with religious affiliations, in recognition of the fact that "in any community, no group of people has more power to develop thoughts, habits and attitudes which are wholesome and life-giving." It is "that potent but intangible thing known as the spirit of the neighborhood" which molds, in its turn, the spirit of the nation: a fact, let us add, which can never be stated too compellingly or too often in this period of rootlessness and mechanical centralization. The association aspires to promote concern for a balanced pattern of community living, aimed at "the all-around health of the child, physical, mental, emotional and spiritual." It is a fine sign, indeed, that it does not understress the last three, or regard them as merely subsidiary to the first. It begins by desiderating "a place of quietness and peace" within each one of us, which will be reflected in our homes, making them "an environment of serenity" for the growing child. It ends by recognizing that, in contrast to the national qualities of courage and determination, there emerges too often nowadays among young people the tendency to believe "that somehow more can be got out of life than one puts into it," and by pleading that children be trained away from this "casual, selfish, greedy attitude" to a true sense of responsibility for gifts.

The Basis of Peace

THE TREMENDOUS influence of the Catholic Church as a corporate international body devoted to clearly enunciated moral aims is becoming more and more appreciated and the value of this in the struggle for peace on earth among nations better recognized. Further, we have had from the Holy Father clearly defined moral principles for social order and these have been read and interpreted and

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emphasized in every country in the world. Opposed to these we have had the equally open resolution of Bolshevism to foster class warfare and through violence and strife ultimately to promote the Third (Red Communist) International. We have also witnessed in the Orient what appears to be—the evidence is still too confused for any final decision—an outbreak of virulent nationalism and imperialism. The opposition of the constructive and the destructive forces here is obvious. It is therefore interesting to have an opinion representative of the Church by a distinguished group of German, French and Swiss Catholic professors of theology at a conference recently held in Switzerland on the moral right of a nation to make war.

FIRST, the sovereignty of individual nations was defined as the moral power which a state possesses to accomplish whatever is essential to the well-being of its people. Then this important qualification was made, that the sovereignty of a state is not synonymous with unconditional independence but is dependent on the common good of nations. With regard to the practical application of this principle, the opinion declares: "Although the community of states has not yet acquired that power which should belong to it as a natural as well as a positive right, there is no doubt but that it already has taken on legal character and is supported by a succession of legal and political agreements which strive for the establishment of international order and, consequently, of peace. Under these circumstances the war that a state declares in its plenitude of power, without previously consulting the existing recognized agencies of peace, would no longer be a rightful procedure." Though not a novel, we believe this is an important, endorsement for the League of Nations and the World Court, and one which should give direction to the thoughts, and the actions, of men of good-will if there is to be a development of our destinies in a sane middle path between the Third International and selfish nationalism.

POSSIBLY no Canadian Catholic family has taken so active a part in the making of literature as have the Sadliers. News that on April 16 Miss Anna T. Sadlier died in Toronto will recall to the older readers of periodicals like the *Ave Maria* a remarkably continuous body of writing which she did mostly during the twenty years after 1897. A great deal of her attention was devoted to popular fiction, and she possessed very considerable narrative ability. But she was also an indefatigable translator from the French, an exponent of feminine ideals and a writer of pithy articles for the magazines. One does not suppose that any large portion of her work will survive its time. Miss Sadlier was content to be a journalist in the service of a worthy cause. Like well-nigh all Catholic literary folk of her time, she found that service rich in idealistic rewards but poor in any more material returns. And so we pause to honor, for a moment, her courage, sincerity and sublime indifference to anything less noble than the glow of faith and charity in her heart.

A Veteran Catholic Writer

AS ADULT Catholics, with a fair knowledge of the part played by the human element in our religion, we are prepared to admit, on evidence, a wide number of specific allegations without a murmur. The priesthood are certainly a picked group, by any standards; their average of discipline and intelligence, of individual blamelessness and devotion, is conspicuously high (and incidentally it is a tribute to outsiders of good-will that they acknowledge this, generally and even eagerly). But exceptions can and do occur. It is possible, for instance, that a Catholic boy, engaged to one girl but in love with another, might fall foul somewhere of a priest who held an engagement to be absolutely binding; so that, if the boy himself were too witless to ask why, then, the Church bothers about marrying people, or too ignorant to know that other Catholics have broken engagements, on good occasion, or too busy to read up on the canons insuring freedom of choice in marriage, or too spiritless to argue about the matter, he might be forced to wed the girl he didn't want and to forsake the girl he did. It is possible, too, that a girl convert might be forbidden in the confessional to marry the man she loved (a fallen away Catholic) on the ground that, even though he was willing to make the marriage promises, he might endanger her faith. Or a girl might be urged by her confessor, against her own instincts, into wedlock with a man she didn't love, because he was a good Catholic, and she had an evident vocation for matrimony. Or finally, even, a priest might forbid the ailing mother of eight children to submit to an operation ordered to save her life, because one of its incidental effects would be to render her sterile. These things are very unlikely; to suppose them one must suppose that high-minded, carefully trained priests are ignorant either of explicit doctrines of the Church, or of her humane, prudent and delicate traditions of caution in dealing with souls in the field of counsel. But they are not impossible—even the last one—in the sense that a square circle is impossible.

We Don't Believe It

HOWEVER, when we are asked to believe that they all happened to one person, we balk. Even if religion fails, there is the law of probability. An anonymous lady writing in the *Atlantic* assures us that they all did happen to her: she it was who lost the first boy at the bidding of his confessor, and the second at the bidding of her own; she it was who meekly married a man she did not want to marry, because she was told to; and whom still another priest categorically forbade to submit to an operation judged necessary to save her life. We assert bluntly, in our turn, that we do not believe this history, as recorded. Either its writer has

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deliberately touched it up, to make a case; or she is herself a "problem," whose unconscious editings and subversions of fact testify to a permanent maladjustment. The smoothness, the completeness, with which everything went wrong with her from start to finish, her instinctive representation of herself as a mere passive victim, instead of a normal human being with her own point of view and some elementary sense of her own rights, inclines us to the latter belief. It is true that her long saga of grievances is sown with cautions to the reader against taking this or that episode or priestly decision as "typical" of the Church (for which she still professes respect), but it seems fair, in view of her details and her emphasis, to call this disingenuous —a mere "out." As to the editor of the *Atlantic,* we presume that in publishing the article under the title, "The Road to Rome—and Back," he presents it as in some sense typical, and not as a mere freak tissue of accidents. And since this is the second anonymous criticism of the Church he has printed in recent years, we venture to caution him against being had. It is true that these critics may have legitimate "obvious reasons" for not signing their names. It is also true that the less you sign, the snappier you can make it.

Hark A Sylvan Note

ON THE basis of practical experience, common sense and a natural interest in the welfare of the country, the opinions of the lawyers, physicians and bankers, we believe, ought fairly to be respected by anyone who has not subscribed to the unhappy notion that we are a nation of crooks. Of 40,000 lawyers who rendered an opinion from all parts of the United States, the *Literary Digest* discloses, 75.77 percent are for repeal of the prohibition amendment. Even Kansas, most arid of the states in the *Digest's* poll, registers only 43.62 percent of the men who have the closest experience with law for continuance of our present prohibition plight. Physicians 60,000 strong voted 75.48 percent for repeal. If they do not know what is good for our health, surely we have come upon evil times. As for 77,860 bankers, 65.83 percent are against making liquor the one tax free commodity with the entire proceeds of the trade in it devoted to law violation. Many happy, but not disorderly, citizens who can innocently enjoy ruddy or amber vintages under a tree, now that the weather is improving, with a book or a friend or an interlude for conjecture, or a refreshing glass of beer, are beginning to hope. Hoiks!

For Priests and Organists

PROBABLY one of the most potent reasons for the non-observance in so many American churches of the "Motu Proprio" of Pope Pius X on sacred music is the fact that the pastors are in many cases ignorant of what music is permitted and what forbidden. It is too much to ask that our priests be *ipso facto* musicians, or even that their musical taste be impeccable. They usually leave the choice of music to their organists, and their organists, apparently equally at sea as regards the commands of the Church in musical matters, play anything they may happen personally to like, from a Mass of Gounod to selections from light opera. That all this is expressly forbidden doesn't seem to enter their consciousness. Therefore the White List of the Society of St. Gregory of America, containing an extended list of music which fulfills the requirements of the "Motu Proprio," and also a Black List of compositions which may not be played, is peculiarly welcome. In addition, the pamphlet contains a selection of papal documents and other information pertaining to Catholic church music, a reading of which will at once give the priest or organist a very clear idea of the reasons for the "Motu Proprio." The pamphlet costs only seventy-five cents and may be obtained from J. Fischer and Brothers, 119 West 40th Street, New York City, from the St. Gregory Guild, 1705 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, and from McLaughlin and Reilly, 100 Boylston Street, Boston.

LOOKING AT THE BASEMENT

BRYAN was sometimes right. Destroy the farm, he said, and grass will grow in city streets. Grass is growing there now. What has happened to the American city as a result of financial and industrial forcefeeding is one thing; what has happened to it as a result of rural collapse is another. During more than ten years, the steady decline of agriculture was a topic of conversation. Everybody knew that the major markets for goods manufactured in this country would dry up unless the farmer recovered his economic equilibrium, or unless expanding foreign trade absorbed what he was no longer able to buy. And yet the federal government did well-nigh everything in its power to retard the improvement of agriculture, and to dry up the flow of international commerce. We have now seen that there are two ways in which governments can go into business: they can do it negatively, by allowing one form of political pressure to dominate while calling it "no restraint of trade"; they can do it positively, by intelligent organization of the national industries.

Fortunately the outline of a positive program of action is not so hazy as it was a few years ago. In the realm of foreign trade, there begin to appear quite thinkable and practicable possibilities for bringing a species of order out of chaos. All discussions of this problem must begin with the war debts. These constitute the ropes with which American commerce and investments abroad are being slowly, definitely strangled. But though it is beginning to seem incredible that a nation like ours, renowned for its initiative, should sit idly by while its magnificent fortune outside its boundaries is being lost dollar after dollar, this problem does call for knowledge which the average citizen cannot be expected to possess. The farm question is another thing entirely. As a whole it can be visualized and understood far more easily than can the

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maneuvers of short sellers, on whom Washington has lately wasted a great deal of valuable time without enhancing its prestige as a center of leadership and intelligence. To raise a fuss over short selling now, at least a year after its major damage has been done, is like arguing that Aunt Mary would not have died of pneumonia if she had had her glasses changed.

Seldom has the rural situation been explained more concisely and effectively than in the address delivered by Professor M. L. Wilson over the network of the National Broadcasting Company, under the auspices of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education. If the majority of addresses given under these auspices prove to be as excellent as this one, there will be virtually no limit to the praise which the council shall have deserved. Meanwhile we urge all those interested to secure a copy, which may be obtained from the National Broadcasting Company or from the University of Chicago Press. We offer here an advance summary of the argument presented by Professor Wilson, because we think it simple and valuable enough to merit support from every citizen, whether he live in the country or not.

The premise on which all valuable talk about farm life improvement must be based is this: the time has come when a policy of unrestricted laissez-faire in agriculture will spell the ruin of the farmer and the nation. This premise is, understandably enough, a hard pill to swallow. It means the passing of the old frontier psychology, which dealt in individuals and took them as they came. It implies, on the other hand, a coöperative and community-forming energy which the nation is hardly prepared to expend. Of course the older "free for all" system would not have worked if the settlers on Western lands had not been, for the most part, men and women who had inherited the traditions of the European rural society. But today we face facts rather than history—facts which imply that the price averages of farm products are half the averages of manufactured products, and that rural taxes have increased 166 percent while rural goods have declined 40 percent in value. Farm land is going back to the state, and the state is bankrupt!

Professor Wilson lists six steps in a remedial program. These have not been spun out in a philosopher's study, but can be accepted as being the well-nigh universal conclusions to which the study of American agriculture has arrived. And they are:

First, Congress must repeal the Homestead Act and substitute therefore a land-policy bill which incorporates those policies of land use and agricultural plant readjustment which the national government must underwrite.

Second, the states must classify their lands and plan their use, much in the same way as the existing New York state program stipulates. Utilizing information already available, "the essential work could be done in a year if it were made a major project."

Third, poor land must be taken out of production and utilized for other purposes. This point was made by the United States Secretary of Agriculture in 1930: "It should be an essential aim of our agricultural policy to facilitate the withdrawal from agriculture areas that seem likely to remain unprofitable. Public provision should be made for the utilization of this land for purposes other than farming. Public ownership of land that cannot possibly be farmed would in many areas mean a better economic use of the lands in question and would also do something to relieve the pressure of unneeded production upon our markets."

Here, to be sure—we may add parenthetically—is where the war-time misuse of productive land did incalculable harm. The farmer was encouraged to cut down, often literally to destroy, valuable plots of timber in order to put more soil under the plow. However desirable it may have been to grow larger crops, the psychology employed to spur the farmer into producing them has done incalculable harm.

Fourth, Professor Wilson suggests that "land taxes should be modified and, where necessary, rural governments reorganized." This is doubtless the hardest thing on the program to accomplish. But since certain outstanding political leaders, notably Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, have championed this step vigorously, one may legitimately hope that progress will be greater than is now sceptically anticipated. At any rate, the farmer cannot continue to be literally eaten out of house and home by inefficient and useless local government agencies.

Fifth, the application of the "Domestic Allotment Plan" to the problem of farm surpluses. Since this plan will doubtless soon be discussed in Congress, there is no need to say more about it here than that, by allotting to each farmer a certain crop insurance, it assures a workable agricultural tariff. Of course it is frankly conceded that a national free trade policy is a thinkable alternative to this plan. But obviously the farmer is not in a position to legislate industry into free trade.

Sixth, part-time farming and the decentralization of the industrial city. This envisages the extension to the United States of what the Germans call *Kleingärtnerei.* Of all the long-range solutions for unemployment in a mechanized age, this seems by all odds the most practicable and dependable. What is wanted is this: a linking up of part-time industrial employment with farming on a small scale, out of which the worker (who of course lives on his plot) will at least be able to defray a good part of the cost of living. "Small farms of this kind," says Professor Wilson, "would not produce the great food staples of which there is now a surplus and would, therefore, not affect production on the good lands."

That is a program which, we think, ought to be endorsed by every thoughtful American citizen. It is not automatic. It will not change the world in a day. But there is behind it a very great deal of solid constructive thinking and a store of common sense. What America needs now is action.

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LEADERSHIP AND THE MASSES

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

That the history of Western civilization during the past three hundred years is basically the story of a change in the relationship between older and traditional groups has often been said and occasionally investigated. The following paper by Mr. Sands is based upon one book that deals with the problem. He concludes: "There is no progress without leadership. There is no leadership but by the 'best'—the aristoi. Mass education does not produce the best. It produces first a general mediocrity and, with ever-increasing rapidity, decadence." Not all may concur, but the diagnosis is interesting.—The Editors.

IN 1930 Don José Ortega y Gasset published in Madrid "La rebelión de las masas," a study of the very modern phenomenon of mass humanity, which well deserves translation into English. It is primarily a diagnosis of the nature of this new condition of the civilized world in its direct effects on the "decadence" of Europe. He dismisses the United States from particular consideration, because it is "the paradise of the masses"; consequently what he says in his general analysis of this modern manifestation must apply in general terms to us also, if he be correct.

Even some of his particular conclusions with regard to Europe, however, do apply to us in the nature of things. In his study, for example, of the alleged decadence of Europe, he reasons that Europeans have outgrown the narrow confines of nationalism, and subconsciously are straining away from that sort of political and social organism toward a broader Europeanism or Continentalism. That is, of course, the very path into which we were practically forced by Washington's Virginia group, supported by the dynamic personality of that great disinherited European, Alexander Hamilton.

When the peace treaty which ended the Revolutionary War recognized the independence of the united "states" of America, it was not only their common or group independence from the British crown that was recognized, but the individual independence of each one enumerated by name. The independence of each one was recognized, not only from all control by England, but equally from all other nations and powers, and from each other. Each one of the war-making units was recognized as independent to go its own way, as far as such recognition was possible. We might have evolved a series of nations here, nations in the fullest sense, however bound together in perpetual amity.

South Americans, in somewhat similar circumstances, preferred the national unit form of evolution. A minority of North Americans, emphatically leaders, preferred a continental development, and had their way, in spite of the incompatible but (politically) equally respectable schools of thought as to our most desirable form, which struggled along by compromise until submitted to the decision of force—not reason—in the Civil War.

Our continental form of evolution has prevailed and is in great part the source of our phenomenal economic prosperity; and we skipped, therefore, the intermediate stage of nationalism which, the author claims is a chief European ailment today.

At the same time, however, as we broke violently with the incipient "nationalism" of the unit states (that deep sentiment and conviction which put his state, his patria, paramount before any confederation, federation, League of Nations or any other artificial union, in the mind and heart of such a man as Robert E. Lee) our population changed. We drew on the national states of continental Europe for millions of new settlers and drew in with them all of the tendencies present in European evolution, including the one which makes us, in our author's words, "the paradise of the masses."

Señor Ortega specifically does not use the word "masses" in the loose and inaccurate current meaning of "the workers," "the toilers." He is not speaking of "the huddled masses" of our sentimentalists. He is not designating by that word a social class, but rather a class of men in general, or, as he puts it, "the way of being a man which is characteristic of our time, in all social classes."

He means the aggregate of all those persons who have become the careless, thoughtless, spendthrift heirs of a civilization built by aristocracies; who fill all public places with their crowds; to whom all governments cater, all publishers pander; to whom all salesmanship is addressed.

He analyzes the evolution of that mass humanity, and in order to drive home his meaning, he asks and answers these questions:

Who, today, holds the social power of the world? Who impresses his type of mind upon our times? Without doubt, the bourgeoisie. Within this bourgeois structure, who is considered as the superior group—the present-day aristocracy? Without doubt, the technician: the engineer, the physician and surgeon, the financier, the professor, the clergyman, etc. Who within this technical group represents it in its highest purity? Without doubt, the man of science.

If some visitor from another planet should ask any European by whom he would prefer his civilization to be weighed and judged, no doubt the answer would be: by our scientists. This astral visitor would not look then for some exceptional individual among scientists in order to get his competent and understanding

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judgment of contemporary earthly culture, but would look for a consensus of opinion to the regular scientific type, to the peak of European humanity, and he would find that the regular scientist is actually the prototype of the average man, and of the mass, produced as such by science itself, though science is the root of civilization.

He would find not a leader at all, but a man who, out of all that a civilized man should know in order to call himself civilized, is at home in only one small branch of science; and at that, only in that infinitesimal portion in which he happens to be an active investigator. And he would find in addition that so much of scientific investigation has become mechanical, so much a mere matter of formulae, that almost anyone can do it with practice.

It is not (he concludes from a long and reasoned dissection of "society") a mere abundance of comfort, but a superabundance, a superfluity of comfort, that has produced this careless, spendthrift heir of a civilization hard-won through the centuries. It is that, and a swaggering disregard for all those things which made the civilization he enjoys; though its gradual disappearance together with its comforts, through his own blatant and self-satisfied ignorance, is beginning to pinch him and to make him restless and savage; as though it were someone else's fault.

It is, our author believes, rejection of science as such, the turning of all education to utilitarian ends, that produces the average man who, in his aggregate, is the masses. He sees education everywhere falling to constantly lower levels, instead of raising a universal aristocracy without which civilization can neither be produced nor preserved.

This scientific, i.e., technical, leadership, this modern bourgeois aristocracy, has no use for abstract education, or for anything more than a body of technical formulae, coupled with a varying degree of manual dexterity, which enables its possessor to levy on a common stock of high-sounding words and draw money from the crowd.

Neglect of the essence of religion and the growth of mass manifestations; increasing emptiness of ritual; formalism; the substitution for personal religion of sets of formulae supposed to cover any emergency; the arrogant rejection of superiority; the boorish neglect of good manners and consideration; cynical disregard of moral rules and substitution of some new code of youth; all these things produce that mass type, in all social classes, which enjoys, and spends, and wastes, but cannot reproduce.

And as a major peril in all this "rebellion of the masses" against all the things which made the civilization of which they are the wastrel heirs, he sees "the state." He says:

> The state is the greatest peril which threatens civilization today. The whole of life is becoming subordinated to the state. The state intervenes in every department of life [not only by intentional encroachment, but by the desire of the masses to be ruled]. When the masses feel some discomfort, some misfortune, or even some strong appetite or desire, they tend to feel that they can obtain relief or satisfaction surely and simply, without effort, struggle, doubt or risk by unloading it on the state. . . . They have only to press the button which puts the giant machine in motion.

If all that is true of Europe, how much more truly is it our own case, in the United States, "the paradise of the masses" as he calls us? Without bringing us into his picture he diagnoses our situation by a quotation from an English writer discussing France, and if we need any further illustration to open our eyes to facts, we have only to examine soberly and intelligently the full meaning of the Lindberg tragedy and the manner in which "government" has dealt with it:

> Paris has an admirable police [he quotes from John William Ward], but the French pay dearly for that advantage. I prefer to see half a dozen throats cut in Ratcliffe Road, every few years, than to submit to domiciliary visits of the police, or to the spy system and all the police machinations of Fouché.

"Here," says Señor Ortega, "are two very distinct concepts. The Englishman prefers to set limits to the state"—in spite of all the disadvantages that must flow therefrom to a mass citizenship.

People place the responsibility for our own dissolution, for our own "decadence," squarely and solely upon prohibition. Is it so? Is prohibition more than a contributory cause? Does not the primary cause lie deeper?

Is it true or not true that it was an Anglo-Saxon political and social fabric we set up here, to guarantee those very personal liberties Englishmen held so dear (for themselves) and to which John William Ward refers with a rather crude cynicism? Is it true or not true, that, with all its defects it was nevertheless the best that existed at the time and was capable of further perfection? Is it true or not true that our masses today neither understand its use nor greatly care for it; or that many dislike it for the sole reason that it is "Anglo-Saxon" in origin? Is it, finally, true that every criminal can abuse it with impunity because it sets definite limits to the power of the state, being, as it was, set up by free men for the use and comfort of free men, who would understand and appreciate its use and carry it on to further evolutionary heights, according to their intelligent needs?

There is no progress without leadership. There is no leadership but by the "best"—the *aristoi.* Mass education does not produce the best. It produces first, a general mediocrity, and with ever-increasing rapidity, decadence.

If history shows anything, it proves that where there is no progress, there must be swift and inevitable retrogression.

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THE HAPSBURGS RETURN

By CHARLES CUNNINGHAM

IF IT sounds unpleasantly dogmatic to start like that, you must hold me excused for the good and simple reason that the weight of evidence in favor of a Hapsburg restoration is so great as to leave those who, like myself, are keen supporters of the family, with no alternative but to think that such an event is soon likely to become a *fait accompli.*

But lest I should sound merely partizan, I hasten to add that my reasons for being a supporter of the Hapsburgs are far indeed from being solely sentimental. For myself and the far from numerically insignificant number of people outside of Austria and Hungary who think like me, are convinced that a very genuine, objective good can be accomplished in this way. It will be one of the purposes of this paper to demonstrate how this good could be thus attained.

It goes without saying that opinion in different countries (and how much more in different continents!) varies. And, while in no way altering my own views, I shall endeavor to write in such a manner as will interest rather than influence the outlook of others.

Before attempting to show the recent development of European continental politics which has led to the pendulum of public opinion swinging over in favor of the Hapsburgs, it is necessary that one glance in passing at the Pragmatic Sanction, that amazing instrument forged in the eighteenth century by the Emperor Charles VI to regulate the order of succession to the dominions of his house. It is not requisite, I think, for me to go into clauses and wording of the Sanction; suffice it that this instrument provided, in cases when the law of primogeniture was to be upheld, for a female to succeed to the titles and lands of the Hapsburgs, and that when, in 1717, Maria Theresa came to the throne, her right was soon challenged by many of those very European nations who had previously guaranteed it.

This fact brings us to the present-day, tremendous strength of Hapsburgism. For not only was the rest of Europe, snapping like a pack of hungry dogs at the heels of Austria, beaten off; but also, and it is in this fact that the greatest strength of the present heir to the Hungarian throne lies, a tradition was established. That tradition is well crystallized in the words, Hungary for the Hapsburgs.

The scope of this article has now been centered in Hungary. For the moment, I propose to keep it there, repassing, later, to the Austrian side of the question.

The scene of the establishment of the Hungarian-Hapsburg tradition was Pressburg. The year was 1741, and the young Queen-Empress of Austria-Hungary (as the empire then was) had retired in desperation to the small town on the left bank of the Danube. The Viennese were openly disloyal, and Europe was in arms against Maria. She was desperate —for she had no reason to believe that the Hungarians, who up till then had lost no love on the Hapsburgs, would aid her—but she was young as well, lovely and exceedingly clever.

In the month of September, Maria played her last card, and appealed to the loyalty of the Magyar nobility. Standing on the balcony of the royal castle, holding her small child in her arms, she spoke simply and stirringly. No whining, mind you, none of the only-a-poor-defenseless-woman touch, but a direct appeal to their chivalry. It was just the appeal that could not fail with such a people as those to whom it was addressed. Young Maria Theresa might be the Empress of Austria, but as well she was Queen of Hungary. She did not stress her youth, her beauty, her womanliness, but who could fail to remark such qualities? The Hungarians did not stop to think about past hardships inflicted by the Hapsburgs, of the present political situation, of their own ability or otherwise to engage in combat with the greater part of powerful Europe. . . .

Not a bit of it! Unsheathing their swords and waving them in the air, so that the sun glittered brilliantly on the naked steel, they raised a mighty shout: "Vitam et sanguinem, moriamur pro Rege Nostro Maria Theresa." ("Our life-blood, our lives themselves, we will lay down for our king, Maria Theresa.")

What a gesture by the Hungarians! And how impossible for the nation thereafter not to have at heart the cause of Hapsburgism! Today the greatest strength of Hungary's greatest strength, which is the Catholic faith, is tradition. I mention this fact merely in order to convince my readers of the vital importance in that country, and in the matter there of a Hapsburg restoration, of tradition. For kingship, sovereignty, call it what you will, and Catholicism are traditionally united in Hungary, and have the one, same origin in Pope Sylvester II who confirmed them simultaneously in the country.

But to return, and face the question which will inevitably be asked: What of the bloodless revolution of 1848, wherein the Hungarian nation rose up against the Austrian Imperialists? My answer to that question is that there always have been, and there always will be, movements against the present, established order of things. Take Catholicism in Hungary, and you will see that, even after the death of Stephen, king and saint, when the country was apparently solid for the new faith, outbreaks of paganism were not infrequent. But the fact of these outbreaks did not prevent Hungary, as a whole, remaining true to her religion; did not prevent, time and again, the country from allowing itself to be devastated by Tatars, Mongols and Turks, rather than that the infidels should have

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a free passage into Austria and Western-Central Europe. It is the same with Hapsburgism.

Yes, Hapsburgism in Hungary is a tradition, and as such it has continued to the present day. Last year when I was in the land of the Magyars, roughly speaking half of the country, the western half, was Legitimist, or of the Archduke Otto Hapsburg party. Then, that half of the country talked a great deal and completely drowned the voices of its opponents, who supported a variety of candidates for the sovereignty. This year, not much is heard of the desired Hapsburg restoration; but, conservatively, three-quarters of the country is now solid for the Legitimate, Pragmatic heir, Otto. And that is significant. For the greater the degree of unanimity, the less proportionately is the need for squabbling talk. And the reason for this greater degree of unanimity is indeed simple; it lies in the desperation of the country.

The regency of Admiral Horthy, animated by every possible good intention, has failed, as it was inevitably bound to fail. Economic conditions as imposed by the Treaty of Trianon were unbearably difficult. It has been the regent's unfortunate lot both to hold the reins of office and to support the burden of responsibility during the past desperately difficult twelve years. During his period of leadership, Hungary has come to the verge of bankruptcy. Now it is the old story —a disappointed, but not necessarily disheartened, people looking elsewhere for inspiration and guidance. The most obvious choice for them is the Archduke Otto, son of that unfortunate and most unjustly abused last Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, Carl, who died in exile.

All the ordinary gifts of mankind are Otto's. He is young and attractive, intelligent beyond the average and able to take advice. He has had a long and cosmopolitan minority and education. He knows and understands the world of men, which is the world that counts in these days. He is accustomed to hardship, and is courageous. Likewise, and above all, he is the traditional heir to the throne. This is not intended as a catalogue of the virtues of a good young man. The qualities which I have enumerated are those which make the young archduke a fit and inspiring person to lead a desperate cause, the rehabilitation of Hungary.

But as well as human, ordinary qualities, he has on his side a backing of unusual power—France. I have spoken of an objective good which might be accomplished by a Hapsburg restoration. That good, to my mind, could be brought about in the following manner.

It is obvious that there must be a strong reason for France's *volte face,* for, to speak plainly, she has not up till now been exactly eager to do Hungary a good turn. The reason is that France, since the formation of the recently disrupted customs union between Austria and Germany, is more than ever anxious to have a strong rear-guard at the back of Germany. A reunited Austria-Hungary would bring into being such a rear-guard. Here and now let it be said that French gold will never be able to purchase the control of Austria-Hungary. But let it also be understood that the French are quite sufficiently intelligent to know that Austria-Hungary, if and when they are united, will certainly conscientiously resist the Germanizing influences which, at a later date, may be expected to be exerted.

It is in that latter fact that France's strength will lie, not in the gold which, at the present moment, is vitally necessary to Hungary's continued existence.

The supreme value to France of the Archduke Otto as king-emperor is now apparent. He is the requisite link needed to weld into a strong whole the at present separate halves of the Austro-Hungarian chain. And one part of the objective good to which I have referred is also apparent, namely, that by securing such a rear-guard at the back of Germany, the French national mind will be greatly eased of its present unbearable fear in regard to possible future German activities. It follows, that once the French national mind has been eased, the individual and eminently constructive minds of M. Tardieu and his associates will be enabled to work in genuinely peace-productive concord with the corresponding mentalities in Germany.

Another benefit which would derive from a realliance of Austria and Hungary, and which could scarcely fail to be immediate, would be economic. At present the economic condition of both countries is tragic—tragic because, to an extent, it is unnecessary. Hungary grows corn, Austria produces machinery. Hungary is in need of machinery, and Austria cries out for food. It is so simple: exchange of commodities, reasonable prosperity resulting therefrom. Yet such an exchange is impeded by insane tariff walls simply because Austria and Hungary are separate countries now. Such a state of affairs must be changed. The young Hapsburg, Archduke Otto, as king-emperor, can and will effect such a change.

Let us look at the question from another viewpoint. We are, we shall say, Englishmen, or French, or Germans, or Americans. We are anything other than Russians, and we fear, if we are not fools, Bolshevism. A deplorably weak Austria and Hungary leave Europe terribly exposed, not so much to possible physical as to certain mental Soviet aggression. It is, then, worth our while to have a strong Austria-Hungary. And, be our personal sentiments what they may, we are not going to grumble at a Hapsburg restoration, appearing as it does to be the only means of bringing about the desired state of affairs.

Finally, the peasants of the Tyrol district are agitating for the return of Otto. "Give us back our emperor and king," is the cry of the peasantry in many parts of Austria and throughout Hungary. . . . As a man having the security, future peace and unity of Europe at heart, I most earnestly hope and believe that their cry will be answered sooner than we, or perhaps they, imagine.

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PLEASE TAKE ME FISHING, SAINT JAMES

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

THIS may strike you as a very odd request, Saint James—and I am addressing you, the Apostle, known among the Jameses as "the Greater," and the older brother of Saint John. This detail, just to prevent you from doing what you might well feel inclined to do on receiving such a plea—mark it "Opened by mistake," and pass it on to Saint James the son of Alpheus, let us say. Now, I know you have been asked to do many strange things in your day by prayerful petitioners all over the world, through all the Christian centuries, and I don't doubt that this is among the strangest. But for that very reason, I'm hoping you will at least listen to it.

It comes about in this wise. When I first began to read about you wonderful three, Peter and James and John, whom the Master so signally honored among the Twelve, selecting only you to witness all the most sacred events that befell during His ministry, it kept cropping up continually that you were fishermen. There you were in the first place, you and Saint John in your father's boat, mending your nets close to where Peter and Andrew were casting theirs into the sea, when the first great honor came to you—the Master's voice calling you to follow Him. So much of the succeeding great Adventure was spun about those fishing-boats and the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee which they rode so sturdily—and even the fish thronging its depths. Like Izaak Walton, I have always resented it when people speak disparagingly of these water-creatures, for they, humble as they are, were also honored by Him. Did He not multiply them on two occasions, to feed the hungry multitude; and did He not bid Peter draw a stater from the mouth of one, to pay the didrachmas; and did He not fill the nets to overflowing with them in a miraculous draught; and did He not even, when He appeared to the frightened eleven after His Resurrection, partake of one with honey, to show it was He in truth and not a spirit? Indeed, so often are fish and fishermen mentioned throughout the New Testament that it would almost seem as though every day had been a Friday. And you and Saint Peter and Saint John were the leaders in piscatorial pursuits; but you especially (or so I have reasoned it out) were the most skilled fisherman of the three.

Many will disagree with me, and claim that Saint Peter was—but then they will be thinking of him in his capacity as "fisher of men"; but when it came to being a fisher of fish, much as I like to see Saint Peter a leader in everything, I must admit it's probable that you far surpassed him and your brother. The reason is obvious. You were the most silent of the three. Dear Saint Peter, the soul of impetuosity, seems to have been fairly talkative. No matter what the circumstances, he, at least, always had something to say. And while Saint John does not seem to have been nearly as loquacious, he too, on occasion, could speak his mind; and as he was a prolific writer (to which his Gospel, his Apocalypse, and his three Epistles bear testimony) it is safe to infer that, like all writers, he did not have to be coaxed to talk. But you, present at all those astounding events most certainly evocative of comment, remained conspicuously silent. You left no writings behind you; the Epistle bearing the name of James came from the pen of the son of Alpheus. It would appear that you, of all men, knew how to keep your mouth closed. In that partnership—that fishing business—in which you and Saint Peter and Saint John were actively engaged until He called you, much of the material success I'm sure was due to you, the silent partner.

Others may disagree with me about your natural reticence, on the score of the title you shared with your brother—"Sons of Thunder." But since I wrote a certain apology to Saint John and referred to the reason for this appellation, a different and more convincing light has dawned. No longer do I speculate upon the possibility of the name having been given you because you could thunder so eloquently from those early Christian pulpits. It rather seems probable that calling you "Sons of Thunder" was simply another way of calling you "Sons of Zebedee." For your father, Zebedee, I take it, was a man of some temper. Certainly, Saint John inherited a temper (which he learned beautifully to control) from someone. Saint Mark relates that when the Master called you and your brother, immediately "leaving their father Zebedee in the ship with his hired men, they followed Him." Now Zebedee probably did not know at the time Who was thus annexing his two stalwart sons. Yet you left him flat, with double the work to do. Of a certainty, he must have thundered at you to come back. Even a father without a temper might have been excused for doing so. It is likely that Zebedee's lusty protestations were still ringing in the Master's ears when he christened you two "Sons of Thunder."

As for the inference that you had a thunderous disposition yourself, which might be drawn from that pleasant little suggestion of calling down fire from heaven to destroy the churlish Samaritan village, I suspect Saint John of really conceiving the scheme. For although he was your younger brother, undoubtedly he was the leader in all the activities (except fishing) which you pursued together. It is recounted that he had found and recognized the Master even before that memorable day on which He called you both; and many writers have assumed that his enthusiasm and faith, poured forth as he related his portentous dis-

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covery to you, were the motivating forces in your own willingness to follow your Lord. This younger brother really got you started—just as Saint Peter's younger brother got him started; it being Andrew who, of that pair, first found the Messiah.

At least to my satisfaction, then, a man of silence, is it any wonder I'm sure you could teach me more about fishing than any of them? This, in spite of a disquieting inner voice which asks me if I think even a great saint could teach me how to keep quiet. Well, if anybody could, perhaps you could—so let us leave it at that. You were really a delightful person, Saint James—quiet and comforting, unexcitable, serene and dependable; with little to say, but thinking deeply on all the wondrous things that befell that company—silently storing away the impressions that were to build up within you a faith so firm that it enabled you to meet martyrdom magnificently; setting the first glorious example among the Apostles to the others who must follow you along that cruel path of blood. Let them be leaders in life—you would lead them all in death.

Tradition has it that when the Apostles set forth to "teach all nations," you chose to go to Spain, to whose people you preached the Gospel. It is said, too, that on this mission you were accompanied by Abenadar—no less a person than that centurion who, at the Crucifixion, had been stationed at the foot of the cross, and who, when the heavens darkened and the earth shook, had cried: "Indeed, this was the Son of God!" There, in Spain, you grew to love the people you had come to teach; and though at length you had to go back to Jerusalem, it was with the fixed hope of one day returning to their sunny, kindly land. It is believed that you did, indeed, return; but not in life, for even as you bade those shores farewell, death was lying in wait for you in Jerusalem within the marble walls of the palace of Herod Agrippa.

The events which followed were to prove that, slow of speech though you may have been, whatever you did say, you meant. Fourteen long years before had occurred the almost unique occasion when you are credited with speaking. It was right after your mother, Salome, had committed the rash indiscretion of asking the Master to give you and your brother the choicest seats in the Kingdom. Your Lord had asked you both: "Can you drink of the chalice that I drink of, or be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?" Stanchly you had answered Him: "We can." After your return from Spain, you alone were called upon to prove that assertion, and you neither quailed nor faltered. As fully as was possible, you drained the chalice which He had drunk, not forgetting that with its last dregs, He had forgiven His enemies. For Eusebius has a story, culled from a lost writing of Clement of Alexandria, which recounts that one Josias, a prominent Pharisee, went by night to Herod and betrayed you to him as a leader in the sect the king sought to exterminate. At your trial, Josias was present; but the beauty of your fortitude and faith completely won him. He became a Christian. The indignant Herod also condemned him to death, and together you were led to the executioner. Just before the sword descended, Josias begged of you complete forgiveness for betraying you to death, and you, uttering a gentle "pax vobiscum," kissed him tenderly on both cheeks. Thus you died. And thereafter began your really active life.

Certainly, after your death, you and Spain were tremendously occupied with each other. An old codex of the Monks of Marchia relates that, after your martyrdom, Hermogenes and Philetus, with other of your disciples, carried your body to the seashore, where they were delighted to find a splendid, seaworthy ship, miraculously there for their purpose. On it they placed your mortal remains and set sail; but soon all were overcome by sleep. They awoke one morning to find themselves, surprisingly, off the coast of Spain—in fact at Padron (the ancient "Iria Flavia") itself, where you had preached the Gospel. There, chanting the while "In mare viae tuae et semitae tuae in aquis multis" ("Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters"), they carried your body ashore and laid it upon a great stone. The various legends, differing in minor points, all agree as to what immediately followed. The stone at once obligingly opened its arms to receive you, and then covered you. The disciples were saved the trouble of hewing a tomb out of the rock themselves.

Other accounts would have it that, dead though you were on that seafaring journey, you really didn't need any help at all from your disciples. They affirm that you sailed all by yourself in a ship from Joppa to Spain, and that the vessel was a wonderful thing, scorning the use of sails, propelled by angels, and fashioned of the costliest marble. I'm sure that if you did choose to travel in this manner, Saint James, it would have been easy for you—only I do hate to give up the disciples' chant of that lovely Latin song. So I rather hope you didn't make the journey *tout seul*. However it was, once you were safely encased in that hospitable stone, you were not allowed to rest there long—for the pagan Queen Lupa heard of the veneration which quickly centered about it, and gave orders for the destruction of your tomb. She commanded that it be harnessed to wild bulls (they didn't let you forget that you were in Spain) and violently dragged about until it fell to pieces. Your terrified disciples, eying the foaming, rearing bulls, quickly made the Sign of the Cross over them, and they at once became as mild as doves. With the utmost docility, they gently dragged you, stone and all, right up into the royal courtyard—thus converting to Christianity Queen Lupa and all her domain.

But in the dark ages soon to overshadow Spain, when she lay under the yoke of the Moslems, you were sadly neglected—and finally no one even remembered where you were buried. It was only in the year 835

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that you were found and honored again. Then, it is related, Theodomir, Bishop of Iria, investigated rumors that strange, beautiful lights had been seen to glow over a certain thickly wooded copse, and that an angel had appeared there. Within the copse he found your tomb. He related his discovery to King Alfonso the Chaste, who at once, with great veneration, removed you to Compostella, and there established a see. Then began the great reverence for you which made your shrine perhaps the most popular of all the places of pilgrimage throughout the middle ages, and which led to the founding of the Order of Santo Jago—Santiago da Compostella, as we know it.

An unknown French monk who, toward the beginning of the twelfth century, wrote "Le livre de St. Jacques," recounted in it a different version of the finding of your body after Spain had so shockingly mislaid it. He claimed it was Charlemagne who discovered it (being a Frenchman, he *would*) and who one night saw a dazzling pathway of stars spanning the sky, and ending directly above the spot where you lay. He also said that you appeared to the French emperor, and ordered him to make war on the Saracens. If you really did this, Saint James, I'm sure Saint John put you up to it—but I'm rather inclined to think you never did; and that Charlemagne made up the story as the best excuse he could think of at the time for one of his long campaigns.

Far more in character is the legend of the emblem which always distinguished you in mediaeval art—the scallop shell. This, with the pilgrim's staff and cloak, served to identify you. Now some prosaic and earthy-minded folk have claimed that the scallop shell stood only for the dish from which you, as a pilgrim, ate your food—but those who really know you best affirm that it became your mark in the following fashion. When the miraculous ship was bearing you to Spain, it passed close to the shores of Portugal. There on the beach disported a merry company. A bridegroom and his friends were galloping their horses along the sands as they waited for the nuptial hour to strike. To the horror of all, the bridegroom's powerful mount became unruly, and suddenly plunged into the sea. He and his rider were making for a watery grave when you obligingly changed the course of your ship, and headed them back to land. The shivering bridegroom at once ascertained the nature of the ship that had saved him, and not even stopping to change, became a Christian. His garments, which were at once his baptismal and wedding robes, were encrusted with scallop shells, that had attached themselves to him in his watery plunge. From this story, might we not also argue that you rather believed in encouraging matrimony?

Be all this as it may, it is not at all strange to me that you surrounded yourself with scallop shells. It's only natural that the most expert fisherman of all the Apostles should have an affection for scallops. For the dictionary defines them as "marine, bivalve fish." Perhaps, even, we might find a few—if you would only take me fishing, Saint James!

OUR SOUTHWESTERN PROBLEM

By FRANCIS C. KELLEY

PROBLEMS are like sheep. They follow the bell-wether and there is no stopping them when the run begins. When the run of unemployment started in Europe, it was a certainty that it would soon influence America. Now we have it, with the countless problems it has stampeded. The depression is not a single problem but a flock. It has to be studied according to the different kinds of sheep in it: steel and wool, furniture and railroads, textiles, shoes, wheat, oil and the long-tailed etcetera. Prosperity will return when we manage to get most of the sheep into green pastures again.

Few people living outside the Southwest and California realize the importance of the petroleum industry to these United States. To most of them oil is just "liquid gold" flowing into the treasuries of a few millionaires. That oil has made millionaires is quite true, but it is also true that its profits have been the chief sources of those great private benefactions so peculiar to our nation and so useful to a country that in less than two centuries had to cut its future out of a primeval forest. Not even gold has been so widely, but not wildly, generous in scattering its benefits. But that, while true enough, is not the point. Under normal conditions the petroleum industry employs approximately two million persons and not all, or even nearly all, where the "liquid gold" is found. Its benefits to labor go as far as the cross-roads of every state in the union, for the streams reach the streets of the cities, the country highways, and the byways even of the woods. One-fifth of the nation's population, the oil-producing states west of the Mississippi with their twenty-two millions of people, depend on oil for a goodly part of their prosperity.

The oil-producing states are not as a rule competitors of the manufacturing states. Though Oklahoma, for example, is a great cotton-growing state, it has but one small cotton mill. It makes no shoes and has no great steel plants. Its factories are few and quite unable to supply a hundredth part of the needs of its people in clothing, building materials, even foods, though the Southwest is rich in cattle, grain, lead, zinc, gypsum, marble, aluminum, etc., etc. It is satisfied to live and let live, and its mineral wealth is still mostly in the ground. "Big business" with South America is keeping our zinc, lead, bauxite and textiles there. Now our

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petroleum industry is threatened from the same quarter. The buying power of the whole Southwest is wounded—butchered to make a London holiday. How bring back prosperity when a fifth of the country is unnecessarily hungry?

The situation is all the more miserable when the fact is considered that the Southwest gets only a small part of even the profits of its oil industry. It receives the pay for labor at the well but not the dividends. The Southwest is a meal ticket for millions who never saw it and never will see it. Few of those who have got rich out of petroleum live "under the derrick." They profit at long distance. A steady stream of dividends has kept flowing to the North and East ever since oil was first found in the Southwest. But the bed of the profit stream is dry now, not because there is no more oil to wet it, but because, in foreign ships, foreign petroleum is being dumped into the largest American petroleum market, that of the Atlantic Coast. The tariff gates are wide open, for there is no duty on petroleum, crude or refined. It can be produced by South American or Russian labor cheaper than we, who bear the tax burdens of the producing states and pay American wages for American work, can produce and deliver it.

Americans who drive their cars into most of the gas stations east of the Alleghenies may be about 80 percent certain that they are filling up on a petroleum product out of which no American except the station attendant and the owners of foreign oil lands have profited. The largest part of the largest petroleum market in the world (our country consumes 72 percent of all the petroleum in the world) is now supplied by the foreign pools and by foreign labor working for American- and British-owned companies who exploit Venezuelan and Mexican fields.

The situation would be funny if it were not for the suffering it is causing—funny as an exhibition of gross stupidity and utter lack of reasoning. We are a nation of protectionists. Every industry in the North and East is protected by a tariff. Why? To keep the prices at such a level as will enable us to hold up our standards of living. We of the Southwest pay others for the goods that we could make for ourselves and thus we do our share for the general good. The Republican party has always been the leader in advocating protection, often even in excess of requirements, yet that party had every opportunity to apply the logic of facts to the petroleum situation and did not. The American people are patriotic enough on feast days, but in this petroleum matter, which is a day by day misery, they are patriotic for Venezuela, Mexico and, in a smaller but growing degree, for Russia. To make the grim humor of the situation more apparent, one of the great importing interests now informs its stockholders that for the present there will be no dividends so that there may be plenty of money to buy up the independent companies that this strange, illogical policy is sure to bring to ruin. Yet it was those same independents who took the greatest risks in discovering and drilling, and thus gave us the oil industry as we have it. Now foreign importers use the free list to break them. Once broken, the American fields will be shut in for the most part. The purchasing power of one-fifth of the population of the United States is already cut in half. That one-fifth in desperation may have to manufacture what it needs to take care of its home labor; and New York, New England, Wisconsin, Ohio and Michigan will wonder what's the matter with the "rubes" who won't buy their goods. They don't buy them for the simple reason that they can't.

The troubles of the railroads are being handed around most generously today, and to the rich and poor alike. (I have seen the tracks of some lines torn up and scrapped in Oklahoma.) Why? I cannot give all the reasons, but I can point out one at least: the petroleum situation. If the Southwest cannot buy of the North and East, how are the railroads to make transportation pay? If the Southwest must give up its distant home markets how—but fill the rest in yourself. Yet it was the railroads that made industrial America, a fact we have been ignobly forgetting. The difference between North and South America in the distribution of population is largely the difference between railroads and revolutions.

The independent American petroleum producers ask protection for an American industry supplying an American market by the imposition of an adequate duty on petroleum and its products, or an excise tax that would amount to about the same thing. Even that would not give the American producer equality in costs with foreign oil. It would help, however, and allow the American government a revenue estimated at well over $50,000,000 a year when that revenue is sadly needed. The American producer is not asking equality. He only asks not to be discriminated against.

Of course it may seem a bit odd that a bishop should go out of his ecclesiastical track to write about a tariff on oil; but there is always a reason when any odd thing happens, and this time it is not one reason but many reasons that draw me out. Bishops have the care of the Church on their souls and on their shoulders. It is never a light weight. Today it is back-breaking everywhere, but especially so in the Southwest. Following the drought came the oil problem. The drought hurt, but rain came again. For the oil problem there seems poor promise of relief. The Eastern and Northern manufacturers object to the Golden Rule. They want to be protected but not to extend protection. So my reasons for speaking out are hungry children, closed churches, overburdened congregations, penury and want where they need not be. We can take the inevitable with resignation to the inevitable, but no one in the Southwest, which has spread its wealth over the whole country in the form of dividends, interest, payments on purchases, and noble benefactions, can afford to keep silence on a wrong that good sense, good logic and good will could so justly and so easily set right.

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A GREAT CATHOLIC COMPOSER

By THÉRÈSE LAVAUDEN

BY THE death of Vincent d'Indy, which occurred in Paris on December 4, 1931, France lost not only one of her greatest and noblest musicians, but also one of those apostolic figures who, overreaching the limits of their art, proffer an example to their whole generation in the earnestness of their lives.

As a composer Vincent d'Indy will continue, after death as before, to be overlooked by the suffrage of the majority and his art, deliberately austere and intellectual rather than emotive, will never arouse enthusiasm or be popular. How indeed could the haughty reserve of "Fervaal," the religious symbolism of "L'étranger" and the mediaeval fervor of "La légende de Saint Christophe" appeal to twentieth-century Paris where the cult of Negro jazz and other fetishes of exotic aesthetics dim the devotion to the old French saints? And yet in the history of music they are rare—those who, like Vincent d'Indy, could boast of having rallied to themselves such a number of disciples or of having exercised over a chosen group such remarkable and prolific influence as the director of the Schola Cantorum. This was because, in the young nobleman who arrived in Paris straight from his home in Ardèche, just as in the old man of eighty still laboring surrounded by great-grandchildren, there burned that deep, ardent, irrepressible faith which makes great soldiers and great missionaries, leaders of men and pastors of congregations.

A great soldier and a great missionary, that is indeed what Vincent d'Indy was in the world of music. And it is because all his life he considered art as an apostolic weapon that he was doomed to isolation in that musical Chartreuse, the Schola Cantorum, misunderstood by a generation vowed to art for art's sake. Thenceforth what a moral there is to be drawn from the double adventures of a Vincent d'Indy and a Debussy, the one champion of Catholicism, the other of aesthetic paganism, both nevertheless ending by revealing the ultimate similarity of their purpose: the regeneration of French music by a return to the religious and popular sources which foreign influence had obscured!

When in 1892 a new choirmaster, Charles Bordes, having been engaged by the Chanoine de Bussy of St. Gervais, taught his choir, instead of the "Pater Noster" of Niedermeyer or the "Ave Maria" of Gounod, the works of Josquin des Pres, Vittoria and de Lassus, the whole congregation rose in protest against "this incongruous, bizarre music." That, however, did not prevent the enterprising choirmaster, already rather anxious about the maintenance of his singers, from founding with 37 francs in his pocket, a school where music was to be taught according to tradition, that is to say, supported by a thorough study of sources and musical morphology. To understand the extent to which this project of musical paleography was unprecedented, it should be remembered that the history of music, apart from a mediocre course by Bourgault Ducoudray at the Conservatoire, was taught nowhere in Paris. An attempt to found a choir of musicology in Paris for Maurice Emmanuel was made at the Sorbonne, but at the council of professors, the chemist Marcellin Berthelot had nipped the attempt in the bud by saying, "If that trombone comes in, I go out." It needed thirteen years' activity on the part of the Schola Cantorum before the University of Paris made the history of music a subject of the faculty of arts.

In 1892 César Franck had just died. His organ pupils at the Conservatoire who at the same time shared his faith, d'Indy, Chausson, Breville, Duparc, Ropartz, Lekeu, no longer finding at the State Academy sufficient aliments for their Catholic ardor, naturally turned toward the new foundation of Charles Bordes, their comrade, and the school from the first found itself rich, if not in money, in having an enthusiastic body of professors.

Vincent d'Indy was given charge of the composition class, as well as being made co-director of the school. In his inaugural lecture he outlined the essential points of his teaching, which as well as a course in aesthetics was to include one in Christian doctrine. The speech revealed the militant strength, the fearless and blameless conviction, of a Bayard and a Bossuet. Instead of the Hellenic lyre the young musician brandished the feudal sword of a victorious Templar or of a knight setting forth on a crusade. From the start he intended to place music once more under the wing of theology. And in terms akin to those of Ekkehardt or Philippe de Vitry preaching to their clerks, behold how, before his young Parisian audience, on the threshold of the twentieth century, he defines the vocation of a musician:

"The artist must first of all have faith—faith in God and faith in art—for it is faith which urges him to knowledge and through knowledge to rise higher on the scale of being, toward the apprehension of his last end which is God. The artist must have hope, for he expects nothing from time. He knows that his mission is to serve and to contribute by his works toward the enlightenment of generations to come. The artist must be touched by sublime charity—the greatest. To love is his goal. For the sole principle of all creation is great, divine, charitable love."

As Romain Rolland has since said, this was the resurrection in the midst of pervading scepticism of that Gothic spirit which had sent against the infidel the flower of the Capetian blood, and raised on French soil like a supernatural crown, the cathedrals of Champagne and Ile de France.

Returning to the middle ages to discover the legitimate sources of music, Vincent d'Indy found them on the one hand in plainsong and on the other in regional folk-lore. The primary object of the Schola Cantorum, upon exhuming the Gregorian manuscripts, was the regeneration of sacred music. Vincent d'Indy next tried, by collecting oral traditions of rustic and communal life from peasants, to reset in national soil the muse of French composers.

If the pedagogy of d'Indy appears as a logically planned edifice of rigorous proportions and upright bearing, like that of a beautiful church, the same cannot be said of his compositions. There indeed the musician had to struggle with influences which, at grips with convictions as unyielding as his, made his artistic destiny a real spiritual drama, with its doubts, temptations, sacrifices and finally its peaceful march along the way traced by the man's indomitable will. When examining the early works of d'Indy, one is struck by the preliminary paradox: Germany, poetry and music supplied the initial themes. From Ludwig Uhland he got the subject of the symphonic poem, "La forêt enchantée," from Schiller, "Wallenstein" and "Le chant de le cloche." The influence of Liszt too, who had great affection for him and with whom as a young man he stayed for a considerable time, is often felt in his orchestral works, notably in the blending of his timbres. But the deepest impression of all was made by the Christian Wagner of the "Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal" upon the lyrical dramas of Vincent d'Indy, "Fervaal," Druid opera, and still more "L'étranger," where one meets the Wagnerian symbolic themes, the mystical stone, redemption by service, sin purified by death.

Vincent d'Indy's attitude to Wagner was very different from Debussy's. The latter saw in the great despot of Baireuth the corrupting principle, the monstrous incubus, the *diabolus in musica* of which at all costs French music must be exorcized. On the contrary, to the end, Vincent d'Indy professed a deep admiration for the Christian romanticism of the author of "Parsifal," only as he grew older in age and in experience he

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strove to free himself of a tutelage beneficial in youth but superfluous and even damaging to the adult whose inspiration was sufficiently clear and lucid to make its way alone.

One might compare the attitude of Vincent d'Indy vis-à-vis to Wagnerianism to that of the English composer, Vaughan Williams, to his French masters, the post-Franckists and the impressionists. Just as in d'Indy's case where Germany, far from being a cul-de-sac, was but the circuit which brought him back to his own country, so with Vaughan Williams, French masters led him to discover the riches of modal expression in insular folk-lore. Both composers are victims of parallel misunderstanding, being always associated in the mind of their critics, the one with Wagner and the other with Debussy. Yet what could be more French than "La légende de Saint Christophe" or more English than the "Mass in G Minor"? Vaughan Williams is a mystical Celt of the twentieth century, with the manners and mind of a mediaeval English monk, just as d'Indy was a militant Templar returned from some ancient abbey of Provence. Their century confuses their territories because it is incapable of seizing ethical shades of religious inspiration.

With advancing age, Vincent d'Indy kept more and more within his own frontiers, each work, descriptive or dramatic, emphasizing his racial temperament—that of a French Catholic. His most beautiful work, luminous flower of maturity, is "La légende de Saint Christophe," a dramatic oratorio where intense faith enabled him, whilst combining rigorous historic truth and a style whose sentiment is fresh and naive, to revive the very spirit of the mediaeval mysteries. Elsewhere and notably in his symphonies he proved himself one of the greatest landscape painters in modern music. In the "Tableaux de voyage," "Symphonie sur des thèmes montagnards," "Dyptique mediterranéen," he celebrated to the glory of their Creator, the beauties of the Latin soil, of the Cévennes mountains and the great river Rhône.

Profoundly convinced that he was serving truth and beauty, Vincent d'Indy prided himself on being a man of dogma and the enemy of compromise. For him eclecticism and versatility in art as in morals were but the pierced bucklers of the weak, the undecided and the lukewarm ejected by the spirit. For this conductor of souls, music was part of a social mission, an imperious apostolate. Consequently he placed ethical certitude, upon which the human spirit may rest eternally, above aesthetics. With this great Christian who was also a great composer there has disappeared one of the most venerable and high-minded musicians of Europe—an idealist whose aloof serenity and utter disregard of worldly success appeared as a noble anachronism in the feverish world of today.

Sonnet of Little Memories

The smallest things make memories most precious,
For places, as for love. So I remember
Meetings of hands, of eyes; and the delicious
Knowledge of dreaming shared; and thoughts like amber
Crystallized by our words to one another.
Of all our moments I remember these:
A face we saw, a road we walked together.
The smallest things make loveliest memories.

And so with places. One New England town
Means one May orchard wild with apple-blooming.
The sea—and I remember one grey-brown
Rock in the rising tide-path, one wave looming.
And of a city, all my mind discloses
One window filled with larkspur and yellow roses.

LOUISE OWEN.

THE PROVINCIAL NEW YORKER

By JOHN BUNKER

IT IS a merry custom, that, which throughout the majority of These States insists on calling the New Yorker provincial —especially in the West, which means, in the metropolitan dialect, all that dark extramural region lying beyond the Hudson. Consider the pleasant portrait of the New Yorker held up to the national eye—a portrait of one patronizing, sophisticated, arrogant; who, a fleeting sojourner in other towns and vilayets, looks upon those unhappy places with a bored and supercilious eye and pines for his native habitat. On the respective merits of New York and the rest of the universe he will not argue—he asserts or, which is worse, he silently assumes. Show him, oh ye dwellers in the hinterland, your libraries and parks, your statues and boulevards, your canning-factories and the place where the old cow died—he is unimpressed. He lives in New York, and after New York—so his demeanor proclaims—life can display no further wonders.

Such conduct, it must be admitted, *is* irritating. And of course the sprightly and festive individual who so demeans himself we all recognize for the typical New Yorker he is, coming as he does from St. Joe, Missouri, and having lived in New York for exactly one year and eight months. He is a bond salesman and his business headquarters are on lower Broadway. Or he may be in the tire and automobile accessory line, in which event his offices are on Columbus Circle and he comes originally from Cumminsville, which is a suburb of Cincinnati, which is a city in the southwestern corner of Ohio, which in turn is one of the forty-eight states that make up this grand and glorious Union.

The question arises, however, where is to be found the genuine New Yorker, the authentic native? The answer is: he is not to be found. If you don't credit this answer, consider the facts. Are you, for example, dear reader (who, let us suppose, lives in New York) to be classed as a native New Yorker? Were you born there? I wager not. Was I? No. Was he in the next apartment, or the next house, or the next block, or the next district? It is very unlikely. Make, if you will, a random test in the streets of New York. Pausing, say, in dubiety at the curb, ask the nearest standerby if such-and-such an approaching street-car will take you to such-and-such a destination. Why, this fine, upstanding New Yorker before you simply crumbles and goes to pieces. The metropolitan veneer cracks and peels off before your eyes, and apolgetically he gives you the ritualistic answer, "I'm sorry, but I'm a stranger here myself."

This state of affairs, when you have the wit to perceive it, explains much. For instance, the innocence of New Yorkers, on which topic a whole book might be written. Or their gullibility. Or their sentimentality. Nay, the whole set of qualities, moral and otherwise, that diversify the shifting scene—their wisdom and folly, their benevolence and crime, their poverty and wealth, their loves and their hates. All these find in New York their peculiar manifestations, since they are the instinctive gestures of the human animal removed from his native environment to a place where he must walk warily and alone.

Of course being human and therefore gregarious, a person will, after he has been in New York a while, form associations; but these associations are associations of common interest, not as in Indianapolis or Spokane, Louisville or Green Bay, the associations of old tradition and democratic neighborhood. Neighborhood he knows not and tradition he has cast aside, and for good or ill he walks abroad a free and unhampered agent—save when he falls foul of some one or other of the five or six million additional free and unhampered agents frisking about on the

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island of Manhattan. At any rate the ancient influences of place and neighborhood have gone by the board, and his actions take their color from the fact that he is a stranger in a strange land.

Consider, too, in this connection, the vast apparatus of metropolitan diversion—theatres and roof-gardens, clubs and restaurants, libraries and museums, parks, sky-signs, cabarets. In what land, in what era, was amusement ever before offered with such stupendous and bewildering lavishness, and consumed with such voracious greed? And what are all these but so many attempts to meet the insistent and never-ceasing demand of poor human nature shut off from family gossip and old friends and familiar faces and clamorous for something to fill the void.

And are then no authentic New Yorkers, autochthonous and not merely residential, to the region born and not simply transplanted? No, never. What, *never?* Well, hardly ever. The nearest approach I ever made to finding the real article—and my search has been diligent—was an old man with a long white beard and a courtly manner. He could remember back as far as the Dewey parade, and also he had no reminiscences of O. Henry. This last decided me. Here finally, I thought, my quest ends. . . . Alas, he had been born in Brooklyn.

Of course, there are children in New York and there is a vague legend that they are occasionally born there. But the point is that when they grow up they do not remain there. What becomes of them? Who knows? Some become ranchers in the far West, some market-gardeners in Cohoes, and some, preferring to have no strain on their mental faculties, enter the movies. And the news of this state of affairs leaking into the outer world, there is an immense influx to fill the vacant places, sweeping in from Georgia and Michigan and California and the remaining states and territories, all and sundry. And sometimes, at least before the war, there were one or two annual arrivals from places so far distant as Dublin and Warsaw.

All this shows the effect of rumor and explains the city's monstrous size, its bulging bulk with more fat than is good for it; for since rumor as she flies does not lessen her report, so the tidings that the native sons of New York either do not exist or have wandered elsewhere lose nothing in the telling but magnify in the general mind, and therefore it is that for the occasional single, and usually imaginary, vacancy, there are at least one hundred candidates from the outside. Hence the growing height of skyscrapers and uncomfortable conditions on the subway.

To return, however, to the accusation we set out to investigate: Is the New Yorker provincial? What is to be said to that? Well, the answer is very simple—it is a complete admission of guilt. Yes, the New Yorker is provincial, and rightly so, since he comes from the provinces.

Prayers for a Robin

Be elsewhere, wind, the avalanche
Of tempest undeterred
And gently sway this maple branch
That bears the mother bird.

Strike softly the green pyramid
Whose airy crypts contain
The chamber where her treasure's hid:
Bring here no heavy rain.

And tree, diffuse the unsubdued
Light of the lifted sun:
Past these, upon the coming brood
Her breast needs nothing done.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT IS CATHOLIC LEAKAGE?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In spite of the assurances of a recent contributor that there is no Catholic leakage because our statistics are unreliable—"there is no enemy, because we cannot see for the fog"—the suspicion of leakage will not down, and we must try to answer as well as we can on the basis of the admittedly inadequate statistics. It may help precision in our thought to set up an equation:

$$L=\Delta N+(b-d)\,N+C+(I-E)$$

where

L=leakage during one year
ΔN=increase in Catholic population during one year
b=Catholic birth rate
d=Catholic death rate
C=converts
I=Catholic immigrants
E=Catholic emigrants.

What are the most likely values to insert for ΔN, b, d, etc., in the right hand side of the equation? Father Ross inserts values derived chiefly from the "Catholic Directory," and finds L=500,000. Father Shaughnessy says these values are utterly untrustworthy, and therefore L=0. Suppose we consider them *de novo.*

N, the Catholic population. Shall we insert 20,078,202, the figure given by the "Directory"? Father Shaughnessy's argument against accepting this figure is convincing. It is probably very much larger. This is suggested by the very method by which the "Directory" figures are compiled, viz., repeating some old "census" figure year after year. As Father Shaughnessy points out, the figure for the New York diocese has been 1,273,291 since 1920, and that for Chicago 1,150,000 since 1906. These two dioceses alone account for 12 percent of the total, and they represent the conditions of ten to twenty-five years ago! If the "Directory" figures represent estimates made ten years ago on the average, and the Catholic population grows 1½ percent per annum (and if it isn't doing that it is not holding its own), the true figure is in the neighborhood of 23,200,000.

Another fact pointing in the same direction is the large enrolment of Catholics in the army and navy during the World War, which was a matter of pleasant surprise.

The death rate, d. The death rate of the general population in the registration area is 12 per thousand, and in the absence of reasons for expecting Catholics to die off at a rate different from that of the general population we should set d=0.012. Are not Catholics "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled . . ."? In fact, in so far as Catholics probably constitute a larger proportion of the population, as brought out above, to that extent the death rate for the registration area is a direct measure of the Catholic death rate. Some factors which might cause the Catholic death rate to differ from that of the non-Catholic population are: (a) the supposedly greater proportion of Catholics in the laboring classes subject to the hazards of industry, and having a higher death rate; (b) the supposedly greater proportion of young people among Catholics due to immigration, large families, etc., which would indicate a lower death rate. Since these two influences work in opposite directions, their net effect is probably very small and can be disregarded.

The agreement of the Catholic death rate as calculated from

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the "Directory" figures with that of the general population is additional reason for using d=0.012. This agreement is to be explained, not, I think, by concluding with Father Ross that the "Directory" figures are correct, but that the same influences leading to underestimates of population in the "Directory" figures—carelessness, repeating figures, etc.—affect the death figures also, and to about the same degree. The errors in numerator and denominator tend to cancel out in the quotient; they would be called "compensating errors" by the statistician. This principle, if valid, is probably valid for the Catholic birth rate.

The Catholic birth rate, b. Father Ross finds a corrected birth rate of 31 per thousand for Catholics, as compared to 19 per thousand for the general population. This is understandable, considering (a) the teaching of the Catholic Church on birth control, (b) the larger families among the working classes, which are supposed to contain a greater-than-average proportion of Catholics, (c) the larger families of immigrants and their immediate descendants, a large proportion of whom are Catholic. COMMONWEAL readers can make a rough test of the birth rate for themselves by calculating the average number of births per completed family for their Catholic and non-Catholic acquaintances. The writer found 3.6 and 2.5 respectively, and so finds no difficulty in accepting b=0.031.

(I—E), net Catholic immigration. Father Ross suggests 60,000. This figure has not been questioned.

C, converts. One is inclined to consider this figure the most accurate (or the least inaccurate!) in the "Directory"; pride in a convert, and the comparative rarity of the event tend, it would seem, to bring about accurate reporting. The "Directory" gives 39,528—say 40,000 in round numbers, which allows for some underreporting.

ΔN, net increase in Catholic population. This is calculated by subtracting the population figures for two successive years. The figure for 1931 is given as 20,091,593, an increase of only 13,391. However, we have good reason for rejecting that population figure. If we suppose that it is just as far out, numerically, as the 1930 population figure, the two errors compensate exactly, and the increase is just the same as before—13,391. But if we posit the same *percentage error* (a somewhat more acceptable hypothesis), the 1931 population should be set down as 23,214,150, and the increase 14,150.

Inserting the above values in the equation, we get:

$$L = -14{,}150 + (0.031 - 0.012) \times 23{,}200{,}000 + 40{,}000 + 60{,}000 = 526{,}650.$$

If L were the acres planted to rubber trees by the natives of Sumatra, or some other far-away figure, we might write 526,650 as the most probable answer, and let it go at that. But we can't. It is hard to believe that the Church lost half a million in 1930, and some hundreds of thousands each year, in 1929, in 1928, and prior years, as shown *prima facie* from the "Catholic Directory" figures. Therefore we ask, what is the margin of error in the above calculation? How low can we estimate L and still be within the bounds of probability?

In retracing our ground we observe: (1) C, E, I, have not been questioned, and any error to which they are subject will not begin to explain away the leakage anyway. (2) For each increase of 1 per thousand in the death rate, the apparent leakage is diminished by 23,200. (3) For each decrease of 1 per thousand in the birth rate, b, the apparent leakage is diminished by 23,200. Thus by supposing that d is really 0.013 and b really 0.028 we can cut L down to 433,850. (4) For each 1,000,000 subtracted from N, L decreases by 19,000. By supposing, for example, that N=21,000,000, we can cut L still further, to about 400,000.

This line of argument is hardly convincing. A leakage of 400,000 is, from the Church's standpoint, practically as bad as half a million. Moreover, hypothesis (3) cannot be pushed too far without implying that Catholics practise birth control; and hypothesis (4), small Catholic population, likewise cannot be pushed too far without admitting implicitly Father Ross's fear that the Church is *not* holding its own.

Thus, practically, we can explain away the apparent leakage only by supposing that (1) the Catholic population really increased by at least 400,000 in the year 1930, and (2) this increase was not detected, or even suspected, by the compilers of the diocesan and national statistics. The second is certainly possible, but the first leads *ad improbabilem.* It must be remembered that the "Catholic Directory" shows a leakage loss year after year. Suppose we take a set of hypotheses selected so as to favor the no leakage side of the question, viz., (3) and (4) above and work back to the Catholic population for, say, 1916:

Catholic population, 1930	21,000,000
Catholic immigration, 1916-30, net, estimated	1,270,000
Converts, at average rate of 35,000 per year	490,000
Excess of births over deaths, rate of 15 per thousand, about	3,780,000
Total additions	5,540,000
Catholic population, 1916	15,460,000

This runs us smack into two difficulties: (1) The "Catholic Directory," which presumably *underestimates,* reports a *larger* population. (2) The number of Catholics enrolled in the armed forces of the United States a year or so later indicated a much larger Catholic population. Ergo.

Thus, no matter how we try to escape the conclusion that leakage exists, we meet obstacles. We cannot, *within reason,* stretch the values of ΔN, b, d, etc., sufficiently to have L=0. The margin of error in our figures is not great enough to allow us to regard the "Ross Frankenstein monster" with complacency.

In summary the writer is inclined to believe that:

(1) The Catholic population is considerably larger than indicated by the "Directory";

(2) The normal Catholic excess of births over deaths is in the neighborhood of 18 or 19 per thousand; hypothesis 3, above, is "stretching it";

(3) The margin of error in the other basic figures is quite large, but not so large as to render the figures useless, especially if other facts are taken into account;

(4) The plausible values of L range from 200,000 to 500,000. It is quite unlikely that there is no leakage, or, on the other hand, that it is over half a million per annum.

VICTOR VON SZELISKI.

WHY A GRADUATE LIBRARY SCHOOL?

Wilmington, Del.

TO the Editor: Within the past decade there has developed, among Catholic educators, a most gratifying progress in library consciousness. To be definite, we have come to appreciate the value of technique as applied to the profession of books. Not that technique is in any sense a substitute for creative work, but it has become universally recognized as ancillary to it. A technician in any art will always be aware of the absence of technique, the masterpiece being the richer for its presence.

Applied to education, technique is one of the major objectives of the liberal arts. It is a kind of self-imposed yoke which never hampers the perfect freedom of the scholar. "Unconsciously, the greatest artist submits to technique merely to triumph over it,

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being ready to break any of its principles to achieve greatness but not to break them all at once—for that would be anarchism —ready again, when he breaks them, to explain why he did so." Nor is this to ignore the opinion of those who hold that, without inspiration, there can be no true art. Critical technique is not in itself an end; it is but the means to the mastery of any art or human achievement.

A like defense has been set up for technique by those who have followed, and thoughtfully considered, the increasing interest in literature on training for librarianship. Few there are of the higher type of publications which have not spoken, editorially or through contributors, on the subject of this new profession. Recently, the New York *Times* commented on the views of Angus S. MacDonald touching his informal conferences with Pius XI relative to the modernizing of the Vatican Library: "A veritable mountain of unread, historical data in the Vatican Library at Rome, promising to yield new and important details of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century discoveries and events, is to be explored soon." By means of technique, this vast treasury of 500,000 books, documents and missionaries' reports, which have accumulated for centuries, are to be read, catalogued and classified. Scholars believe that among these will be discovered reports from the voyages of Columbus. Technicians will identify this huge collection by author, title and subject, making analytics and cross-references for works to which no one living has ever had access, and for which students have spent months of fruitless search. The same can be said of every Catholic educational institution both here and abroad, but we are still pioneering in this new field.

Library organizations are constantly receiving letters from Catholic librarians in various parts of the United States, inquiring how best to make available for use their attics of books and trunkfuls of manuscripts in all languages. To these inquiries there is but one reply: training for librarianship. The situation has prompted the writing of this letter.

The library school in this country is the child of the public library; but, as is logical, it is now usually attached to a secular college or a state university. Our public libraries are not intended as institutions for formal education. In order, then, to make it unnecessary for Catholic students, lay and cleric, to attend secular schools for training in library science, we are obliged to offer recognized courses in this new field, for both men and women, or compel our Catholic graduates to seek such training in non-Catholic environment. Is this requiring more than is implied in the frequent utterances of Pius XI on the subject of Catholics attending secular schools?

In his report to the trustees of the Catholic University of America, its learned rector, Right Reverend Monsignor James H. Ryan, emphasizes the imperative demand for an accredited Graduate Library School, and proposes the establishment of such a department in the scheme for expansion now in progress at the Catholic University. The tentative library course, inaugurated at the summer session of 1929, attracted only nine students; in 1930, the enrolment was twenty-two; in 1931, it mounted to forty. Assuming that the number of students will increase each year, a full curriculum is being offered. Were there no other reasons than obedience to the wishes of Rome, and professional demand, the call for a graduate library school for Catholics challenges the support of our educational leaders. But there are other and equally grave reasons.

We have our Catholic law, medical, dentistry and social service schools. They are contributing to the moral and material strength of Catholic life. This is right. The Catholic position must be maintained. Nevertheless, the weakest link in our chain is the intellectual link. On many occasions distinguished Catholic educators have drawn our attention to this fact, and quite recently, through the pages of THE COMMONWEAL, Dr. Sheehy asked: "In literature, the press, in science, and intellectual life in general, where are we?" The answer is disheartening.

I cannot agree with Theodore Maynard that "the literary life should be avoided as the plague." Granted that writing brings small pecuniary returns, there are thousands of young people, in our 10,000 Catholic schools, who have literary talent which the school has not discovered; or, having discovered, has failed to appreciate. Every Catholic school has its quota of graduates who will seek compensation other than that expressed in terms of dollars and cents. To these we are paying absolutely no attention. A few weeks ago, through the pages of THE COMMONWEAL, Mr. Shuster expressed the same idea in his reply to Mr. Cunningham. It is gratifying to consider what Catholic education could be accomplishing, with our constantly multiplied facilities, were we more insistent on relative values in education. Ours is the duty of turning the "moving-picture brain" of this pragmatic age toward books and culture. Are we? Our Catholic students, often forced into secular colleges, must meet the disciples of Kant, Darwin, Spencer, James, Dewey, in a clash of wits. Because we have not prepared them for the contest, they show the white flag.

There is nothing new in the statement that Catholics, as a body, are not well-read. The present renaissance of reading, which has set the world moving around books, should remedy this defect. The human mind today is engrossed in reading. This is capital for the Church of whose intellectual inheritance the Catholic school is the custodian; but, if we are to judge the Catholic by its fruits in Catholic literary product, we shall be forced to take sides with those who lament that, either we have not attracted potentially superior students, or, having attracted them, we have not developed their superior gifts. For instance, who cared that a publisher—catering to the demand of certain mothers, and, sorry to say, some children's librarians —deleted from a child's story-book the picture of a little one on its knees at prayer? How many voices of educated Catholic mothers were raised in protest? Can we afford to be indifferent toward the literary diet offered our precious children? What are educated Catholics doing to check the ever-widening stream of insidious literature flooding the market? Is there any concentrated effort being made to aid our Catholic lay leaders in stirring into action the great spiritual, moral and intellectual forces of the Faith in this reading age? The pen is still mightier than the sword, but few there are who have been trained to use it effectively. (It is beyond the province of this letter to dwell on the fine endeavors of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, and the Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club for spreading Catholic culture. More power to them!)

The "Catholic Library World" is raising its official voice, pleading for a hearing. Statistics show that Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Florida, Idaho, Maine, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North and South Carolina, North and South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, West Virginia, Wyoming, have not heeded that call. These states are not yet represented in the Catholic library movement. Outside our own ranks we do not figure any more prominently. The report of the government on libraries, June, 1931, lists something like three hundred and sixty libraries attached to Catholic institutions, over one-third of which name no librarian. Why are our Catholic schools so poorly represented in this public official report? Did the government ignore the existence of these schools, or did

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the latter fail to respond to the former's appeal? In the face of these facts can we question the timeliness of the Catholic library school?

A consideration of the purposes and objectives of the secular library school will show its incompatibility with the Catholic position. There are at present twenty-five accredited library schools in which professional training is given for prospective service in public libraries. A priest or a religious entering such a school will be required to think and work in terms of the public library, where he or she will never labor. Again, the secular library school is founded and organized for the purpose of preparing young men and women to serve in a modern world whose cult is the new paganism. Knowing this, a Catholic student has no one but himself to blame if he finds he does not fit in socially. One's Catholicism cannot be separated from one's every-day relations. It is not here a question of hostility to Catholics: there is none. Outnumbered as we are, five to one, Catholic leadership in the library profession, as in all other professions, is an anomaly. Moreover, the Catholic librarian needs to act as interpreter of literature to Catholic readers. Can he be prepared for this service if his instructors hold a philosophy contrary to Catholic teaching?

By the alliance of groups of Catholic laymen, problems like these have been solved in Germany and Austria, by the Borromeus Association of Libraries which counts a membership of over 250,000. Their activities are based on two general principles: (1) Catholic literature which is ignored or suppressed in public libraries is made accessible; (2) all new books, unobjectionable from the standpoint of faith and morals, are brought to the attention of the Catholic public. Such efficient service calls for persons well qualified and trained both as administrators, and readers' advisors. Hence, the Borromeus Association maintains a professional school for preparing Catholic librarians. In Germany this school has the right of granting certificates of expert ability which are recognized by the state.

At present there is no such organization for Catholics in our country, but the Catholic Library Association, formed in June, 1931, is the nucleus of such a permanent and powerful adventure for development of American Catholic literary culture. Thousands of potential members have, as yet, not identified themselves with this young association which has a definite constitution, officers and an executive board, active in acquainting the Catholic reading public with the association's aims and purposes. Persons sincerely committed to the apostolate of the Catholic book, periodical and paper are invited to become affiliated with the Catholic Library Association. Our Catholic press is doing excellent work in publicizing this form of Catholic Action, but for lack of moral support and financial aid its efforts are crippled and circumscribed.

As an instance of coöperative activity, I am quoting from an article by a Capuchin Father (*Catholic Library World,* December 15, 1931, page 24). Speaking of response to his appeal for Capuchin literature, Father Austin says: "In the case of public libraries and secular colleges and universities, it was just about 100 percent; in that of Catholic libraries, slightly more than half acknowledged my letter. I was favored with the finest possible encouragement from the American Library Association—Library of Congress—especially from Mr. E. C. Richardson (in charge of the Union Catalogue) who had photostat copies made of all the titles sent me from the various libraries." Are we Catholics suffering from bibliophobia? On scores of occasions our Catholic papers have called our attention to the alarming conditions in European countries where Catholics are being openly persecuted, and they have attributed this hostility to the indifference of Catholics themselves. We look for sympathy, yet we have nothing to offer but apathy.

On its brighter side, witness the marvelous workings of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Calvert Associates, the Catholic Press Association, the Catholic Educational Association, all striving for a better understanding between Church and State, and for a more vigorous Catholic attitude. To increase their effectiveness these four national organizations, with their combined memberships and common, identical objectives, should find the establishment of a graduate library school mutually beneficial. Interest, instead of separating us, should bind us more strongly. There are scholarly Catholic laymen in the libraries throughout the country. We need these men as executives. Their services should be employed. Isolated as they are, and individually, their influence on Catholic education is negligible; collectively, it would be incalculable as a clearing-house for the exchange of common knowledge. I repeat, Catholic librarians are laboring in all the large public libraries, but few of us even know of their existence.

Now that the move toward universities on the part of library schools is growing, we shall need men professors and instructors with wide and varied experience, capable of "professing" library science. The chief weakness of all library schools is their faculties. There are not enough persons available who have more than one year of professional training. What other professions accept so little? We must attract more Catholic young men and women of real distinction and ability before we can entertain any complacency over the curriculum of the modern library school. From the crannies in the walls of our Catholic colleges and universities we must pluck the flowers of promise for our Catholic library faculties—our fundamental problem.

There being no city in the United States possessing the means for graduate study that can be found at the nation's capitol, the Catholic University of America suggests itself as the logical place for the location of a school designated as the "Pius XI Library School."

Nor do I hesitate to prophesy that, knowing the status quo of the library problem, some wealthy, generous and cultured Catholic will erect this school to perpetuate his memory.

MOTHER MARY AGATHA, O.S.U.

CATHOLIC READING

Westfield, N. J.

TO the Editor: It is a well-known fact that Catholics do not read, in the measure that they should, Catholic books or books by Catholic authors. The following plan, new here, but possibly known and used other places, has proved a huge success.

Members of the Holy Name Society form themselves into groups of eight or ten members, each member paying $2.00. The chairman of each group buys eight or ten books on Catholic subjects, and one book is given to each member of the group. He is given a month to read the book and then exchanges with another member. When all books of a group have been read by all members, each receives the book first presented to him. Each group may in turn interchange with another group. Books are selected from a prepared list.

This plan gives each man a chance to read many good books and retain one, for the small offering of $2.00. Men may agree to give up the books for the Holy Name Library.

Any society may use this plan, which surely appeals to me as giving splendid and unusual opportunities for Catholic reading.

REV. H. J. WATTERSON.

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IN AND OUT OF THE THEATRE

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Theatre in Art Exhibition

THE THEATRE of today evokes a sprawling state of mind. Its best qualities, the tender magic of its illusion and the intimate humanity it stirs, grow more and more obscured in the maze of things said about it, written about it, painted from it and done in connection with it. While playwrights, actors, directors and scenic designers go firmly about their tasks of keeping it alive, its fringe of hangers-on do everything in their power to make it self-conscious and thereby sterile. The first edition of the Theatre in Art Exhibition during the first two weeks in April had the worthiest of intentions, being arranged for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America. It also served an interesting purpose in bringing together impressions of the theatre upon the artist mind. But I cannot see that its sponsors, in their approach to the whole subject, did more than emphasize that hopeless confusion of mind which helps to keep the theatre in a perilous state of ambiguity.

In the first place, why should a collection of paintings, drawings and bronzes about the theatre attempt to be anything more than it is—namely a record of those things in the life of the theatre which fire the responsive attention of painters and sculptors? I should certainly welcome an exhibition of New York City in Art, or of Steel in Art, or of anything else in art which, through the mere fact of its varied interpretation, might illuminate neglected beauties, reveal hidden ironies, magnify unconscious humor or catch an elusive moment in suspended action. It is the business of the artist, from the mere fact that he is not a mental vegetable, to see more than the run of men, and to let others share his special visions. He can separate the essence of a mood from its commonplace accidents. He can comment slyly on the inner nature of things we take too much for granted. In brief, the artist is a gifted interpreter who uses the language of sight rather than of words. The Theatre in Art is purely and simply the theatre as interpreted by the artist. It is the effort to pass beyond so simple and adequate a truism which creates all the confusion.

Mr. Sidney Ross, for example, in a foreword to the exhibition catalogue, makes a plea for bringing the theatre and painters in closer contact. Certainly there is no harm in this thought. But there is also nothing very stimulating in it, nor clarifying. It would be equally useful and obvious to bring the theatre and doctors closer together. I can imagine that doctors, going back to their Aristotle, might find the mental purging of a great tragedy useful in the treatment of certain nervous disorders. But would the theatre gain anything by this alliance? I am rather inclined to think it would lose something—in the likelihood, that is, that more and more playwrights would be tempted to write tragedies for the approval and use of the medical profession and forget the primary purpose of creating the illusion of human truth expressed in the poetry of dramatic form. For a similar reason, I rather dread the result of too close an alliance between painters (other than scenic designers) and the theatre. Like too close an alliance with theatrical critics, it might produce a self-consciousness in relation to a particular type of audience which would promote artifice rather than honest artistic expression. Too many plays today are written to please critics. If we take Mr. Ross's suggestion seriously, too many plays might be produced tomorrow to please the eye of the painters. Plays should only be written because the playwright is captivated by his theme and his characters, and they should only be produced to make both theme and characters a vibrant and living illusion for an audience that is broadly human beyond all limits of specialized response.

The viewpoint of Mr. Oliver Sayler, who writes the introduction to the catalogue, suffers from a similar attempt to read "significances" into a very obvious affair. Mr. Sayler has himself been a highly useful and stimulating interpreter of the theatre to American readers. But instead of taking advantage of this occasion to praise the artist as interpreter of things theatrical, he wanders off into the by-paths of a "synthetic consideration of the arts in America today." He says, "I have become more and more convinced that, if the arts are to take their rightful and potential place in our daily life as aids to science in the interpretation of human destiny, we shall have to blast them out of the isolated ruts into which they have fallen. Music must no longer remain the possession of an esoteric cult. Knowledge of literature alone must cease to be a sufficient badge of culture. Painting must be dragged out of its ivory tower. The theatre in all its phases must be admitted to the ranks of the fine arts and answer their tests." He carries forward his argument by saying that those who come to this exhibition "interested in the theatre, may remain to awake to an interest in painting. Those who have been lured by the painter may carry away a new curiosity, a new faith, in the theatre."

To the extent that Mr. Sayler is groping toward the ideal of a great synthesis, such as flourished in the thirteenth century, I would agree with him heartily. Segregation and specialization, particularly in science and philosophy, have gone much too far. But instead of pleading for the admission of the theatre to the fine arts family, why does he not point out that the theatre, by the very fact that it is, in itself, a synthesis, gathers all the arts to itself? The theatre admits the arts. It has no need to be admitted to the arts. Nor does Mr. Sayler make matters any clearer by shifting his argument to show that the present collection of paintings broadens the understanding of the word theatre "to include the motion picture, vaudeville, the dance, opera, the circus and burlesque." The essence of the theatre has been understood for ages to be the creation of make-believe through the employment of all useful and tributary arts. Is not that enough? Must we have all talk of the theatre as muddled and nebulous as the words of a nineteenth-century English philosopher? How, for example, in the name of all clear thinking, could anyone acquire "a new faith" in the theatre? One can only have faith (other than supernatural faith) in principles and in human beings who live by principles. The theatre itself is something absolutely neutral. It is a passive means to an end. It may be utterly vile or as lofty as an inspired vision. One can no more have faith in the theatre for its own sake than in art for art's sake. No one ever heard of somebody having faith in a violin. But one may have faith in a Kreisler interpreting Beethoven through a violin. I have no desire to be captious in criticizing those responsible for the Theatre in Art Exhibition, but I cannot fail to see that in their entire approach to the subject matter of their exhibition they have plunged deeply into the very confusions, into the misuse of words, and into the muddled thoughts behind words which have sapped, and will continue to sap, so much of the real strength and beauty that the theatre, as an instrument, may be used to convey.

A Russian's Philosophy of Costume

THERE is not much left of the sense of magic in the theatre by the time one has turned all the pages of Theodore Komisarjevsky's book on "The Costume of the Theatre" (New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00). The author writes

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behind the authority of an ample reputation as a director. But this does not alter the fact that he writes wholly without a sense of the theatre's rightful glamor, and rather as an obstinate and opinionated theorist with a few pet obsessions on the growth and development of costume through the ages. Costume and its related theatrical glamor emerge from his treatment much as the discussion of religion emerges from Frazer's "Golden Bough."

In brief, this book is more of a popular discussion of the philosophy of costume than an objective discussion of the facts of costume. Something of Komisarjevsky's attitude can be gleaned from his opening words on "Costume and the Man." He writes: "To look beautiful. To assume importance. To appeal sexually. These are the human aspirations upon which Dame Fashion has invariably worked when creating what is called *costume*. From any practical and rational viewpoint costume would seem to be a useless and even 'silly' invention, its origins being of an aesthetic, ostentatious and 'immoral' nature. These have nothing in common with the origins of *clothing,* which are rooted in essentially utilitarian or moral motives."

Concerning the "moral" basis for mere clothing, the author is quite scathing, speaking of various "moral and religious doctrines, which have instilled a sense of physical shame into people. These doctrines, advocating modesty, demanded that the body, and especially the sexually attractive parts of it, should be hidden by garments." To illustrate this assertion, he alleges that "no female can be admitted into the presence of the Pope unless she is bandaged from her toes to her chin, and wears a veil to hide her seductive hair and to throw a shadow on her sinful face."

Quite aside from the fact that few women who have enjoyed papal audiences would recognize themselves in this pen portrait of a female mummy, the quotation is important in establishing the amazing poverty of Komisarjevsky's insight. That substance which symbolism and ceremonial lend to the accidents of costume has no place in his limited perspective. The derived beauty of association, through which the simplest things can achieve the glamor of an idea, and through which the entire theatre actually draws its strength and lasting importance, is like some unknown language to this narrow doctrinaire. There is a pathetic half-truth running through many of his comments, but like the broken half-leg of a three-legged chair, it serves no useful purpose. It merely confuses issues, or, to be more faithful to the simile, upsets judgment.

I do not wish to be unfair to the encyclopaedic mass of information on the facts of costume which this author has assembled. But facts, like the pieces of a puzzle, have a way of being quite meaningless unless and until one knows how to put them together, and the moment we find an author willing to say blandly that "Life is Life and Art is Art" we can be reasonably certain that he is incapable of putting anything together. He has the separatist mind, one as incapable of constructing a beautiful and glamorous synthesis from the materials in his hands as a hungry chimpanzee is incapable of brewing a delicate French sauce. The only difference is this—that the chimpanzee would know enough to eat good food if he found it in his paws, whereas Komisarjevsky, like every other member of the art-for-art's-sake crew might say that food was food and hunger was hunger and that each had its own truth and that eating was quite out of the question. In all the magic of true art there is nothing more certain than that art lives and grows strong in the souls of men only as its substance becomes the revealing mirror of life.

BOOKS

Father Abraham

Lincoln the Unknown, by Dale Carnegie. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

IF DALE CARNEGIE'S avowed purpose in "Lincoln the Unknown" was to lift the mists which six thousand volumes on him and the lapse of sixty-five years have generated, he certainly has succeeded—and he has given us a corking good story into the bargain. There is not one uninteresting page in the three hundred odd which tell the tale.

One ugly word, the name of the sin Lucy Hanks committed, might well have been deleted. Abraham Lincoln's mother was the result of her second slip from virtue. His grandfather was a gentleman who employed Lucy Hanks as domestic. He might have married her but for social considerations. She married later on and had eight children, thus retrieving her social position, poverty-stricken though she remained.

Headgear played an important rôle in the biography, although it is no "Sartor Resartus." A squirrel-skin cap covered the touseled head of young Abe while he attended school off and on until fifteen; at that age the man whose classic letter of condolence to Mrs. Bixby now hangs on the walls of Oxford University, had learned to read but he could not write. Under his hat, Lincoln, as postmaster of Salem village, carried the mail. From it like a conjurer he drew letters instead of rabbits. Into his hat he thrust the scraps of paper on which he jotted down some of the famous sentences he hurled at Stephen A. Douglas, his dressy political opponent. Carried about in his top hat, on a sheet of rough blue foolscap paper, was scribbled the priceless Gettysburg address. Abe fished it out now and then to give it "another lick." On the top of his silk hat the gruff, tempestuous Secretary of War, Stanton, dashed off hs orders as he sat by the side of his fallen chief.

Out of this unusual biography comes the speech of Stanton, overheard by Lincoln: "I will not associate with such a damned, gawky, long-armed ape as that. If I can't have a man who is a gentleman in appearance with me in the case, I will abandon it." But Lincoln forgave this insult, as he overlooked the insults of McClellan.

Out of this tale emerges clear and distinct the rugged, homespun Lincoln, full of puns and pathos and deepest melancholy—a Lincoln patiently pursuing his education through the books which fell his way, rereading and memorizing whole passages of Shakespeare, Blackstone's "Commentaries on Law," Parson Weems's "Life of George Washington." The last cost him three days' hard labor for the neighbor from whom he borrowed it (the book got soaked through the chinks of his log cabin). He shouted Cicero and Demosthenes to the echoing woods and to such rude companions as he had about him.

There was also a tender side to his studies; he could recite Poe's "Annabel Lee" and "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" His early dead love, Anne Rutledge, doubtless was identified in his mind with the lost Annabel Lee.

She who became Mrs. Lincoln gets rather a rough deal, apparently well deserved. The author calls her a "mean, common, envious, affected, mannerless virago," and he isn't quoting, either. It must be confessed that for an ambitious woman to marry a man who had once left her flat, all bedecked in her wedding finery—but also a man in whom she recognized presidential timber—and to have him sprawl on the hall floor with an overturned chair for a head rest, to press his tie and lay out his clothes for the famous debate with her erstwhile admirer,

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Stephen Douglas, and to have him turn up on the platform one gallus hitching up his trousers over his collarless shirt, would try even a less high-spirited woman than Mary Todd. Lincoln with saintly patience bore with her fits of temper and called her "Mother." But did not this modern Xantippe by her restless ambition help to develop the giant whom all nations revere?

The author was born on a farm in Missouri and understands the man of the hoe and the chopping-block, and as he is also an instructor in public speaking he brings forth that which is arresting. Lincoln and his associates, both in the written words of the book and in its underlying moods, stand forth with the clarity of a starry night.

CARMEL O'NEILL HALEY.

An Engineer Is Cheerful

Taming Our Machines, by Ralph E. Flanders. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $2.50.

MR. FLANDERS is an optimist, but not a blind, nor (unless we misread him) a determined one. His view of the present battleground has been broadened and clarified and enriched by Spengler, but his faith in the outcome is the traditional one of his profession. "Our own historic cycle . . . has already progressed to the stage where the point of attack of the disintegrating forces has become plain. The weak spot in our defenses lies in the economic sector. If this is broken through, there will be a flank attack on the whole political structure, whose capture, whether by dictatorship or mob rule, would be the disaster which seals our eventual defeat." But he is pretty confident that we are not going to be defeated. We have the skill, the intelligence, the good-will, the humility needed to win.

What he has written, then, is a book of faith. Coming at this time it will probably meet with a very cool reception. It will be suspect because it has no "program" to offer; even more because its important values are spiritual values. Artists will resent it because it denies their ability to "make" life (yet Mr. Flanders himself has obviously been formed more by the poets and philosophers than by all the technological-theologians from Edison down, or the scholar-manufacturers from Ford out) and many others will withhold a welcome for the quite perverse reason that we don't want cheering up when we are licking our wounds, and we don't want encouragement when the time has come to be discouraged for a while.

All this apart, it is a fine, an honest book. Specifically, Mr. Flanders asks himself whether machines can contribute to "the good life," that is, the full, the ideal life; can they help men to realize themselves as men? It should be noted that the answers he finds are all informed by, and proceed from, faith in the worth of machinery, and faith in mankind to direct it wisely. But the trick must be learned. He is careful to state the difficulties; to note, for instance, that the lack of "progress in distribution" with its overlapping of services, its "waste of men and resources," keep us from realizing the full benefits of mechanized production. And with economists generally, he recognizes present industrial evils as those of an age in transition, but is realist enough to observe how immediate is the need for a "technique of adaptation. We cannot in justice to the workers or with safety to society permit those who are displaced to struggle against their undeserved ill fortune. While a long-time, overdue compensation is effected, there are thousands of individual fortunes damaged beyond repair. We cannot shut our eyes to them."

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NEXT WEEK

MAKING THE ISSUES OF 1932, by Charles Willis Thompson, is the first of a series by this famous political correspondent whose prophecies and analyses of the 1928 campaign published in THE COMMONWEAL attracted nation-wide attention. Mr. Thompson was formerly chief of the Washington Bureau of the New York *Times* and the New York *World*, and his books, articles and reviews on national politics and personalities are widely recognized as authoritative—and readable! He is especially equipped to give the reader an estimate of the issues and the candidates that will be emerging in the headlines from now until we know who is going to be the next President of the United States and what we may look forward to under his Presidency. . . . TRAVELING ACROSS RUSSIA, by J. Aufhauser, is an experience that the readers of THE COMMONWEAL are urged not to miss. A great deal of mystery attaches to Russia and what is actually being accomplished there. Here the scene is unfolded with striking vividness. . . . SCIENCE TAKES A HOLIDAY, by the Reverend James A. Magner, considers the morals involved in birth control and the reasons why the Catholic Church is unalterably opposed to contraception. . . . BLACK GENIUS, by Ernest Seeman, manager of the Duke University Press, is a fascinating review of the contribution of Negroes to the arts and the contemporary scene. . . . THE PLAY, by Richard Dana Skinner, as a regular feature of THE COMMONWEAL deals with our contemporary drama not only on its merits as entertainment but also as a social force and an expression of the principles, or lack of them, in the trends of thought of our times. In short, he does not consider art in a vacuum, but art in relation to life and an orderly sense of human values.

of "the good life" as his standard of value, he examines machine civilization, and finds that its potentialities are still considerable. One cannot follow him on all points. When he offers "kindliness" between men as one characteristic of a machine civilization, one must wonder how much of his data is subjective. Most laymen, certainly, would not know where to look for signs of this increasing kindliness; and if the testimony of all literature is to be allowed, the machine has created new caste systems for the old ones which it has broken down, and today the distance between machine tender and manufacturer, with its possibilities for mutual misunderstanding, is greater than the distance ever was between craftsman and master. Of course anyone is free to hope that the connection between service and profit, between coöperation and reward, one day "may outmode violence and deceit"; it may also outmode war, but the first symptoms of the change are not readily discernible.

But there is not much of this in the book. With its statement of the case for more and better machinery, for a continuance of technological zeal and expertness, there is little quarrel. He describes two factories: one equipped with imperfect machinery, demanding robot-like attendance from the workmen, and a more modern factory, equipped with automatics, tended by skilful, intelligent, serene well-fed and (presumably) well-paid men, and he makes the familiar point, "It was not too much engineering but lack of it which made shop number 1 a distressing spectacle. It was not the absence of engineering but its abounding presence which gave shop number 2 its atmosphere of human worth."

A little engineering is a dangerous thing.

VINCENT ENGELS.

The Lepers' Hero

Damien of Molokai, by Irene Caudwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THANKS to a policy of isolation, the world today mostly acquires its horror of leprosy not through any actual contact with its sufferers but mainly through literature. The more fastidious or the more sensitive will, in turn, further shield themselves from such disagreeable reading. This life of Damien, consequently, is not for them. A certain hardihood of spirit is necessary to make with Miss Caudwell even this vicarious visit to those shambles of Molokai where the Belgian priest ministered to the most unfortunate of life's creatures. Today one may go to the leper colony and endure less than by consulting this biography. For Molokai now is not the Molokai where Damien immured himself, where he lived under a self-inflicted sentence of death, and where he died a victim of victims. And, glory to his name, it is not that Molokai because Damien's sacrifice of life, made purely for the love of God and the afflicted, served to consummate the reforms that he had so painstakingly begun in the face of a loathing which even his sturdy soul found difficult to overcome.

"I imagine you to be one of those persons who talk with cheerfulness of that place which oxen and wain-ropes could not drag you to behold." Thus Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to the Reverend C. M. Hyde in his famous open letter which is reprinted as an appendix to Miss Caudwell's biography. It is Stevenson's point, and fundamentally Miss Caudwell's, that without an understanding of life in the lazaretto, one cannot understand Damien. One can catch glimpses of him in any life of Saint Francis of Assisi, but the Little Brother of the Poor had not the constant isolation nor the loneliness of the sound of body amongst the pitiful unsound, nor did he suffer their death.

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Miss Caudwell does not see Damien with the myopia of a hero-worshiper. Her answers to many of the Hyde accusations which Stevenson conceded, are supported by an array of authenticated testimony. Damien had faults, she cheerfully admits, but these were the faults of humanity, and it is Damien's humanness which she exalts. Again, the biographer has revealed the missionary's early life as a fit preparation for his unique career, as developing in him just that sturdiness, persistence and zeal which were his best weapons in the fight he had to wage. For, on his advent in Kalawao, where he had gone so impetuously that he had not permitted himself time in which to collect the barest of personal necessities, he was greeted as no saviour. The majority of outcasts there lived, as long as disease allowed them, one constant and disastrous debauch. He was not thought at first their friend who insisted on order instead of disintegrating chaos, cleanliness instead of easy filth, godliness instead of supine despair. It was Damien's character, so lovable, so simple, so charitable, as Miss Caudwell proves, which achieved what none so unequipped could have even well begun.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

A New Thompson

Poems of Francis Thompson; edited with Biographical and Textual Notes, by Terence L. Connolly, S.J. New York: The Century Co. Trade edition, $3.00.

MORE than thirty years have passed since the lyrics of Francis Thompson stirred every poet, and every lover of poetry, in England and America. They have been thirty exciting, complex, troubled years. Many a book has been consigned by them to oblivion; many a name which seemed to bid for immortality has not withstood them. But it is not too much to declare that concern with Francis Thompson has increased rather than diminished. A current interest in mysticism has sent thousands of people to his books, and nothing which the art of poetry has since insisted upon but has in a measure sought confirmation in his verse. "The Hound of Heaven" is as familiar as Milton's greatest odes. And, what is probably even more striking, Francis Thompson has become one of the best known among English Catholic names.

But when all this has been said, the fact remains that for countless persons Thompson's verse is difficult, if not impossible, to understand. There is such a wealth of allusion and so marked a splendor of imagery that readers have as much trouble finding their way about as has a man who, ignorant of astronomy, tries to identify and observe the stars. Of course there are some good books of commentary. The majority of these, however, are hard to get or hard to use.

Father Connolly may therefore be said to have come to the rescue of thousands. After many years of study devoted to Thompson's work, he found himself in possession of a copious commentary on the poems which proved very helpful to students in college classes. Then came the idea of publishing an annotated edition of complete poems. This the Century Company offers herewith, in the conviction that such a book will appeal to teachers, students and readers throughout the United States.

One aspect of the book to which attention may properly be directed is its completeness. Every poem has been carefully studied, by the light of the best explanatory material available. The notes have not been written haphazardly. Religious and philosophical doctrine has been outlined with precision. In short, Father Connolly has worked in the best tradition of the scholarship of his country and of the Society of Jesus.

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By JOHN A. O'BRIEN, PH.D.
Professor in Newman Foundation
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This is probably the first book ever published by a Catholic author who frankly accepts the evolutionary viewpoint as an established scientific generalization and seeks to interpret the bearing of this viewpoint upon the Christian religion. Dr. O'Brien is non-controversial in his approach. He does not attempt to prove that evolution is either true or false but to inquire whether such a concept conflicts with the idea of God in general or with Christianity in particular. He believes that evolution, if rightly understood, greatly strengthens the idea of purpose in the universe, and reinforces the belief in a supreme intelligence, manifesting itself through the orderly process of nature in the development of all forms of life. 8vo, 260 pages. Illustrated.

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The Ways of God and Man

Shining in Darkness: Dramas of the Nativity and the Resurrection, by Francis X. Talbot, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

FATHER TALBOT'S dramas are two in number and, as the subtitle indicates, center round the Nativity and the Resurrection. To this reviewer, they seem not as two dramas, but as two magnificent acts in one complete and satisfying drama. It is the proudest epic in the history of our humankind. For the doubting Thomases, seeing is believing. Here is no endless jawing, and complaining and self-pitying of too mortal mortals, as in the average play, embroiled in the cross currents of their selfishness or lusts. Here is the simple story of God indicating the way to fair living and immortality.

It is simply told, modernly, realistically, naturally. The verisimilitude of our modern drama, our modern conception of "good theatre" consisting in the illusion of an immediate reality, a sort of brief transport of the audience, is achieved. Played by a cast as competent as that which played "Green Pastures," this drama I believe could be one of the greatest hits of our period. "Green Pastures" was an idiosyncratic reflection of this drama; here is the stark reality, the kernel of the story.

For those who have trouble in reading a play in book form and constructing for themselves the visions of the scenes, the author has written ample and literary stage directions that give the descriptions and the atmosphere necessary to understand the action. The only flaw in the fabric that I seemed to observe, and it is a minor, inconsequential one, was an occasional peculiarity in dialect in the very first part of the book. For me that clear, unstylized language which is essential to the scheme of the book, was disturbed by occasional archaic words, occasional modern colloquialisms and even one or two striking Gaelicisms. The writer no doubt had his objective purpose in each case, but to me, coldly subjective, the result was a distraction. This, however, is negligible, and other readers may disagree. On one thing, I am sure, all readers will agree—this drama is a memorable, and major, and thrillingly revealing and beautiful experience.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

How to Read

The Study and Appreciation of Literature, by Ralph Philip Boas. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

THIS volume serves as a guide to discriminating readers and a valuable aid to teachers and students of literature. As the author says, "The student of literature is not a naive reader; he is a critical reader." And with no uncertain touch, Professor Boas proceeds to instruct the reader how to drink deep of the Pierian spring; how to form a proper critical estimate of the novelist in securing the illusion of reality. He reveals the art and evaluates the works of the "masterless men with the magic of words."

For the selective reader, the volume aids in the checking process, so that he may take an inventory of what he has not read and should read. It will make many aware for the first time of what is really worth while in the vast library of world literature. Any attempt to make men read better and more solidly—to get the most out of what they read—should be welcomed.

Among those whom the author mentions in his acknowledgments is Professor George Boas, of the Johns Hopkins University, whose "Philosophy and Literature" will be found a stimulating companion volume.

JOSEPH JACOBI.

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Briefer Mention

The Spirit of British Policy and the Myth of the Encirclement of Germany, by Hermann Kantorowicz, translated by W. H. Johnston, with a Foreword by Gilbert Murray. New York: The Oxford University Press. $6.50.

IT WOULD be difficult to find a book which displays so candidly the German virtues and shortcomings as does this volume by Professor Kantorowicz. He began, as he confesses, with a conviction that the British were the real authors of the World War because their fear of German commerce led them to organize the leading peoples of the world in opposition to the Hohenzollern Empire. This thesis, which has found numerous supporters, is termed the "encirclement of Germany" theory. Dr. Kantorowicz calls it a myth, which in all human probability is the right word. But so impressed was he at finding the British less villainous than he had supposed that he determined to write an account of England's dealings with other nations. This is an unrestrained and somewhat naive eulogy. The distinguishing characteristics of British statesmanship are seen as being chivalry, objectivity and humanitarianism. One has no desire to sunder these virtues from the fair English name. Nevertheless, one wonders what such an honest salt as Sir Wilfrid Blunt would have made of this large compilation of laudatory terms. For his part, Gilbert Murray very aptly observes, by way of introduction: "I am sure his book will be illuminating to Continental readers: I only trust it will not, by the friendliness of its praise and the courtesy of its criticisms, lead my own countrymen to be too satisfied with themselves." This hope the present reviewer piously shares.

The Young Revolutionists, by Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company. $1.50.

MRS. BUCK'S latest novel is no worthy successor to her justly popular "The Good Earth." The startling universality of theme which made that novel such a joy, is missing from this tale of a farm youth in a China awakening to national consciousness. "The Young Revolutionists" is, nevertheless, an intensely interesting presentation of a soul brought suddenly in contact with the knowledge that the world is not bounded by the inland village from which neither he nor his ancestors have ever departed. Ko-sen's rebellion against his forced sacrifice to the gods, who are believed to have snatched him from a fatal illness, precipitates him into a semi-Communistic army. There he learns many things about war, about man's unhumanity and humanity—and about a God Who deliberately chose suffering. There is a very definite sereneness in Mrs. Buck's writings, a definite modulation in both plotting and treatment, which more implies than presents the deeper emotions of drama. This approach is admirable but, as in "The Good Earth," her style is oversimplified to the point which approaches tediousness.

The Altar of Sacrifice, by Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

GRANTED a heroine who, in the first chapter, is left a vast estate with the promise that she shall neither become nor marry a Catholic, the dénouement is certain. Mrs. Clarke's Lesley very shortly meets her penniless Catholic, but a novel is written before she sees her way clear toward conversion and matrimony. The freshness of the characterizations and the really keen descriptive passages, however, make the reader wish that the author had approached her plot structure from the same vantage point of ingenuity.

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Family Name, by Arnold Lunn. New York: The Dial Press, Incorporated. $2.50.

IT WILL surprise one whole category of Mr. Lunn's readers to find him performing here as the light-handed fictioneer. He plays a sort of genteel showman to present-day English society, and on the whole must be praised for giving a very good show—continually graphic and intelligent, almost continually amusing, and suggesting ironies of observation none the less valuable for being amiable and unstressed. He presents the angle of vision of a wealthy, socially accepted young Jew, which enables him to study his group with a certain detachment, and also to elaborate a very skilful individual portrait. As long as his soul's friend Fairlight is alive, Dan Martinez remains reasonably at peace in the society in which he was born an alien. With Fairlight's death, all the differences are precipitated. Marrying Fairlight's sister (though it saves the mortgaged estate) helps to precipitate them, by giving the quarrel a focus. Mr. Lunn is scrupulously fair to both parties: if we see Moira's group as (at their worst) irresponsible and unfair in the light of Dan's increasingly felt racial tradition, we see Dan as (at his worst) tenacious of power and overarticulate about his grievances. Even at the inevitable debacle, Mr. Lunn refrains from the tragic note; but he is never the merely frivolous, empty spectator. An additional word should be said about the real poetry of his treatment of amateur sports, especially skiing and mountain-climbing.

Nonsuch, Land of Water, by William Beebe. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $3.50.

FOR A renewal of one's appreciation of the true intricacy and marvel of the things on the earth and in the air and the sea, William Beebe is always potent and pleasant. He is a keen and poetic observer of minutiae and he is sparing of the jargon of the self-styled scientist who assumes he explains the mystery of a butterfly by naming it and identifying whence it came and what it does. Beebe identifies these things but he has enough of the wisdom of children, such as shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, that he can appreciate the extraordinary circumstantiality of the particular. This is his charm, he is a man of his times in his scientific technique, and a universal man by some lucky gift of perception. His latest popular book—I say popular advisedly, as I understand he writes others that can be deciphered only by those who know all the words—deals with the multiplicity of life on and immediately around a very small, and to the uninitiated, seemingly deserted island of the Bermuda group. As Beebe reveals wonder after wonder, one cannot but admire and be transported by the magic of his telling.

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, formerly in the American diplomatic service, is the author of "Undiplomatic Memories."

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